



Man of Mode.



Man of Mode.

T H E
M A N O F M O D E.

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C O M E D Y.

B Y

Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. ROBERTSON,

M,DCC,LXXIV.

THE

MAN OF MODERATION

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right, that when, on the 2^d of June 1685, he came to be executed, he pursued his long and unobscured path to Hamstead, and afterwards to Keston, where he continued to live till his death.

L I F E Of him was added to the list of his exploits, such as gaming, and a most unbounded love of wine and women; and as by the latter of these vices, he had greatly damaged his countenance, (for once he was a handsome man, (Oxford, Hamstead, and Keston) to by the former he had greatly impaired his fortune; but neither which he paid his attention to a rich widow; but the better to amuse his woman, and to secure his own

Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

THIS gentleman, so remarkable for his wit and gallantry, flourished in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. He was descended from a very good and ancient family in Oxfordshire, and was born about the year 1636. It is supposed that he received the early parts of his education at the university of Cambridge, tho' it does not appear that he made any long residence there; an inclination for seeing the world having led him to travel into France when he was very young. On his return, he for some time studied the municipal laws of this kingdom at one of the Inns of Court; but finding that kind of study too heavy for his volatile and airy disposition, and consequently making but little progress in it, he soon quitted it for pleasure and the pursuit of gayer accomplishments; to which he was so immoderately addicted, that he gave but little application to the belles lettres: and as he had too few incitements from necessity, he produced no more than three dramatic pieces, viz. *Love in a Tub*, *She wou'd if she cou'd*, and *The Man of Mode*; which last is perhaps the most elegant comedy, and contains more of the real manners of high life than any one the English stage was ever adorned with. This piece he has dedicated to the beautiful Duchess of York, in whose service he then was, and who had so high a regard for him,

him, that when, on the accession of King James II. she came to be queen, she procured his being sent ambassador first to Hamburgh, and afterwards to Ratisbon, where he continued till after his Majesty quitted this kingdom.

Our author was addicted to certain gay extravagancies, such as gaming, and a most unbounded indulgence in wine and women; and as by the latter of these intemperancies he had greatly damaged his countenance, (for otherwise he was a handsome man, being fair, slender, and genteel), so by the former he had greatly impaired his fortune; to retrieve which he paid his addresses to a rich widow; but she being an ambitious woman, had determined not to condescend to a marriage with any man who could not bestow a title on her, on which account he was obliged to purchase a knighthood. It does not appear whether he had any issue by this lady; but by Mrs Barry the actress, with whom he lived for some time, he had one daughter, on whom he settled a fortune of 5 or 6000 l.; she, however, died very young.

None of the writers have exactly fixed the period of Sir George's death, though all seem to place it not long after the revolution. Some say that on that great event he followed his master King James into France, and died there: but the authors of the *Biographia Britannica* mention a report that he came to an untimely death, by an unlucky accident, at Ratisbon; for that, after having treated some company with a liberal entertainment at his house there, where he had taken his glass too freely, and being, thro' his great complaisance, too forward in waiting on his guests at their departure, flushed as he was, he tumbled down stairs, and broke his neck, and so fell a martyr to jollity and civility.

As a writer, Sir George Etherege certainly was born a poet, and seems to have been possessed of a genius whose vivacity needed no cultivation; for we have no proofs of his having been a scholar. His works have not, however, escaped censure, on account of that licentiousness which in the general runs thro' them, which renders them dangerous to young unguarded minds, and the more so for the lively and genuine wit with which it is gilded over, and which has therefore justly banished them from the purity of the present stage.

Her ROYAL HIGHNESS, the,

D U C H E S S.

MADAM,

POETS, however they may be modest otherwise, have always too good an opinion of what they write. The world, when it sees this play dedicated to your Royal Highness, will conclude I have more than my share of that vanity : but I hope the honour I have of belonging to you, will excuse my presumption. 'Tis the first thing I have produced in your service, and my duty obliges me to what my choice durst not else have aspired to.

I am very sensible, Madam, how much it is beholden to your indulgence, for the success it had in the acting ; and your protection will be no less fortunate to it in the printing : for all are so ambitious of making their court to you, that none can be severe to what you are pleased to favour.

This universal submission and respect is due to the greatness of your rank and birth ; but you have other illustrious qualities, which are much more engaging. Those would but dazzle, did not these really charm the eyes and understandings of all who have the happiness to approach you.

Authors, on these occasions, are never wanting to publish a particular of their patron's virtues and perfections ; but your Royal Highness's are so eminently known, that, did I follow their examples, I should but paint those wonders here, of which every one already has the idea in his mind. Besides, I do not think it proper

to aim at that in prose, which is so glorious a subject for verse; in which hereafter, if I shew more zeal than skill, it will not grieve me much, since I less passionately desire to be esteemed a poet, than to be thought,

MADAM,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, most obedient,

and most faithful servant,

GEORGE ETHEREGE.

P R O L O G U E.

By Sir CAR. SCROOP, Baronet.

LIKE dancers on the ropes poor poets fare,
 Most perish young, the rest in danger are;
 This (one wou'd think) shou'd make our authors wary,
 But, gamester-like, the giddy fools miscarry.
 A lucky hand or two so tempts 'em on,
 They cannot leave off play till they're undone.
 With modest fears a muse does first begin,
 Like a young wench newly entic'd to sin:
 But tickl'd once with praise, by her good will,
 The wanton fool wou'd never more lie still.
 'Tis an old mistress you'll meet here to-night,
 Whose charms you once have look'd on with delight;
 But now of late such dirty drabs have known ye,
 A Muse of th' better sort's asham'd to own ye.
 Nature well drawn, and wit, must now give place
 To gaudy nonsense, and to dull grimace:
 Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much
 That kind of wit, for most of yours is such.
 But I'm afraid, that while to France we go,
 To bring you home fine dresses, dance and show,
 The stage, like you, will but more soppyish grow.
 Of foreign wares why shou'd we fetch the scum,
 When we can be so richly serv'd at home?
 For Heav'n be thank'd 'tis not so wise an age,
 But your own follies may supply the stage.
 Tho' often plow'd, there's no great fear the soil
 Shou'd barren grow by the too frequent toil;
 While at your doors are to be daily found
 Such loads of dunghill to manure the ground.
 'Tis by your follies that we Players thrive,
 As the physicians by diseases live.
 And as each year some new distemper reigns,
 Whose friendly poison helps t' increase their gains:
 So, among you, there starts up every day,
 Some new unheard-of fool for us to play.
 Then for your own sakes be not too severe,
 Nor what you all admire at home, damn here.
 Since each is fond of his own ugly face,
 Why shou'd you, when we hold it, break the glass?

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr DORIMANT,	}	Gentlemen.
Mr MEDLEY,		
Old BELLAIR,		
Young BELLAIR,		
Sir FOPLING FLUTTER,		
Mr SMIRK, a Parson.		
A SHOEMAKER.		
Three slovenly Bullies.		
Two Chairmen.		
HANDY, a Valet de Chambre.		

Lady TOWNLEY,	}	Gentlewomen.
EMILIA,		
Mrs LOVEIT,		
BELINDA,		
Lady WOODVIL,		
HARRIET, her daughter,		
PERT,	}	Waiting-women.
BUSY,		
An Orange-woman.		

Pages, Footmen, &c.

THE
MAN of MODE:

O R,

SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A dressing-room, a table covered with a toilet, clothes laid ready.

Enter DORIMANT in his gown and slippers, with a note in his hand made up, repeating verses.

DORIMANT.

NOW for some ages had the pride of Spain,
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain.
[Then looking on the note.—For Mrs Loveit:
What a dull insipid thing is a billet-doux written in cold blood, after the heat of the business is over! It is a tax upon good nature, which I have here been labouring to pay, and have done it, but with as much regret, as ever fanatic paid the royal aid, or church-duties. 'Twill have the same fate, I know, that all my notes to her have had of late; 'twill not be thought kind enough. Faith women are i' the right, when they jealously examine our letters, for in them we always first discover our decay of passion.—Hey!—who waits?—

Enter HANDY.

Han. Sir.—

Dor. Call a footman.

Han. None of 'em are come yet.

Dor. Dogs! will they ever lie snoring a-bed till noon?

Han. 'Tis all one, Sir; if they're up, you indulge 'em so, they're ever poaching after whores all the morning.

Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his duty; the next clap he gets, he shall rot for an example. What vermin are these chattering without?

Han. Foggy Nan the orange-woman, and swearing Tom the shoemaker.

Dor. Go, call in that overgrown jade with the flasket of guts before her; fruit is refreshing in a morning,

[Exit Handy.]

*It is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay.*

Enter ORANGE-WOMAN.

How now, double tripe, what news do you bring?

Or.-wom. News! here's the best fruit has come to town t'year; gad I was up before four o'clock this morning, and bought all the choice i' the market.

Dor. The nasty refuse of your shop.

Or.-wom. You need not make mouths at it, I assure you 'tis all cull'd ware.

Dor. The citizens buy better on a holiday in their walk to Totnam.

Or.-wom. Good or bad, 'tis all one, I never knew you commend any thing. Lord! wou'd the ladies had heard you talk of 'em as I have done. Here, bid your man give me an angel. [Sets down the fruit.]

Dor. Give the bawd her fruit again.

Or.-wom. Well, on my conscience, there never was the like of you. God's my life! I had almost forgot to tell you, there is a young gentlewoman lately come to town with her mother, that is so taken with you.

Dor. Is she handsome?

Or.-wom. Nay, gad there are few finer women, I tell you but so, and a hugeous fortune they say. Here, eat this peach; it comes from the stone; 'tis better than any Newington y'have tasted.

Dor. This fine woman, I'll lay my life, [Taking the peach.] is some awkward, ill-fashion'd, country toad; who,

A&I. Sir FOPLING FLUTTER. 11

who, not having above four dozen black hairs on her head, has adorn'd her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the fore front of the King's box, at an old play.

Or.-wom. Gad, you'd change your note quickly, if you did but see her.

Dor. How came she to know me?

Or.-wom. She saw you yesterday at the Change; she told me you came and fool'd with the woman at the next shop.

Dor. I remember there was a mask observ'd me indeed. Fool'd! did she say?

Or.-wom. Ay, I vow, she told me twenty things you said too; and acted with her head and with her body, so, you——

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. Dorimant! my life, my joy, my darling sin! How dost thou do?

Or.-wom. Lord, what a filthy trick these men have got of killing one another! *[She spits.]*

Med. Why do you suffer this cart load of scandal to come near you, and make your neighbours think you so improvident to need a bawd?

Or.-wom. Good, now we shall have it, you did but want him to help you; come, pay me for my fruit.

Med. Make us thankful for it. Huswife, bawds are as much out of fashion as gentlemen ushers; none but old formal ladies use the one, and none but foppish old strangers employ the other; go, you are an insignificant brandy bottle.

Dor. Nay, there you wrong her; three quarts of canary is her business.

Or.-wom. What you please, Gentlemen.

Dor. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or.-wom. Hang him, there is not such another heathen in the town again, except the shoemaker without.

Med. I shall see you hold up your hand at the bar next sessions for murder, huswife; that shoemaker can take his oath you are in fee with the doctors to sell green fruit to the gentry, that the crudities may breed diseases.

Or.-wom.

Or.-wom. Pray give me my money.

Dor. Not a penny; when you bring the gentlewoman hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

Or.-wom. The gentlewoman! the gentlewoman may be as honest as your sister, for ought as I know. Pray, pay me, Mr Dorimant, and do not abuse me so; I have an honefter way of living, you know it.

Med. Was there ever such a resty bawd?

Dor. Some jade's tricks she has, but she makes amends when she's in good humour: come, tell me the lady's name, and Handy shall pay you.

Or.-wom. I must not, she forbade me.

Dor. That's a sure sign she wou'd have you.

Med. Where does she live?

Or.-wom. They lodge at my house.

Med. Nay, then she's in a hopeful way.

Or.-wom. Good Mr Medley, say your pleasure of me, but take heed how you affront my house; God's my life, in a hopeful way!

Dor. Pr'ythee peace, what sort of woman's the mother?

Or.-wom. A goodly grave gentlewoman. Lord! how she talks against the wild young men o' the town; as for your part she thinks you an arrant devil; shou'd she see you, on my conscience she wou'd look if you had not a cloven foot.

Dor. Does she know me?

Or.-wom. Only by hearsay; a thousand horrid stories have been told her of you, and she believes 'em all.

Med. By the character, this shou'd be the famous Lady Woodvil, and her daughter Harriet.

Or.-wom. The devil's in him for guessing, I think.

Dor. Do you know 'em?

Med. Both very well; the mother's a great admirer of the forms and civility of the last age.

Dor. An antiquated beauty may be allow'd to be out of humour at the freedoms of the present. This is a good account of the mother; pray what is the daughter?

Med. Why, first she's an heiress vastly rich.

Dor. And handsome?

Med.

Med. What alteration a twelvemonth may have bred in her I know not, but a year ago she was the beautifullest creature I ever saw; a fine, easy, clean shape, light brown hair in abundance; her features regular, her complexion clear and lively, large wanton eyes; but above all, a mouth that has made me kiss it a thousand times in imagination; teeth white and even, and pretty pouting lips, with a little moisture ever hanging on them, that look like the Provence rose, fresh on the blush, ere the morning sun has quite drawn up the dew.

Dor. Rapture, mere rapture!

Or.-Wom. Nay, gad, he tells you true, she's a delicate creature.

Dor. Has she wit?

Med. More than is usual in her sex, and as much malice. Then she's as wild as you wou'd wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising.

Dor. Flesh and blood cannot hear this and not long to know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her mother bring her up to town; an old doating keeper cannot be more jealous of his mistress.

Or.-Wom. She made me laugh yesterday; there was a judge came to visit 'em, and the old man, she told me, did so stare upon her, and when he saluted her, smack'd so heartily; who wou'd think it of 'em?

Med. God-a-mercy, judge!

Dor. Do 'em right, the gentlemen of the long robe have not been wanting by their good examples to countenance the crying sin of the nation.

Med. Come, on with your trappings, 'tis later than you imagine.

Dor. Call in the shoemaker, Handy.

Or.-Wom. Good Mr Dorimant, pay me; gad, I had rather give you my fruit, than stay to be abus'd by that foul-mouth'd rogue: what you gentlemen say it matters not much, but such a dirty fellow does one more disgrace.

Dor. Give her ten shillings; and be sure you tell the young gentlewoman I must be acquainted with her.

Or.-Wom.

Med.

Or.-Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty creature. Well, heavens mend you.

Med. Farewell, bogg.—[*Exit Or.-Wom. and Handy.*]
Dorimant, when did you see your *Pis-aller*, as you call her, Mrs Loveit?

Dor. Not these two days.

Med. And how stand affairs between you?

Dor. there has been great patching of late, much ado we make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all conscience; I never knew so violent a creature.

Med. She's the most passionate in her love, and the most extravagant in her jealousy, of any woman I ever heard of. What note is that?

Dor. An excuse I am going to send her for the neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Pr'ythee read it.

Dor. No, but if you will take the pains, you may.

MEDLEY reads.

“ I never was a lover of business, but now I have a
“ just reason to hate it, since it has kept me these two
“ days from seeing you. I intend to wait upon you in
“ the afternoon, and in the pleasure of your conversa-
“ tion, forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious ab-
“ sence.”

This business of yours, Dorimant, has been with a vizard at the playhouse: I have had an eye on you. If some malicious body should betray you, this kind note would hardly make your peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, would her knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Most infinitely; next to the coming to a good understanding with a new mistress, I love a quarrel with an old one; but the devil's in't, there has been such a calm in my affairs of late, I have not had the pleasure of making a woman so much as break her fan to be sullen, or forswear herself these three days.

Med. A very great misfortune! Let me see, I love mischief

mischief well enough, to forward this business myself; I'll about it presently; and though I know the truth of what you've done will set her a raving, I'll heighten it a little with invention, leave her in a fit o' the mother, and be here again before you're ready.

Dor. Pray stay, you may save yourself the labour; the business is undertaken already by one who will manage it with as much address, and I think with a little more malice than you can.

Med. Who i' the devil's name, can this be?

Dor. Why, the vizard; that very vizard you saw me with.

Med. Does she love mischief so well, as to betray herself to spite another?

Dor. Not so neither, Medley. I will make you comprehend the mystery. This mask, for a farther confirmation of what I have been these two days swearing to her, made me yesterday at the playhouse make her a promise before her face, utterly to break off with Loveit; and because she tenders my reputation, and would not have me do a barbarous thing, has contriv'd a way to give me a handsome occasion.

Med. Very good.

Dor. She intends, about an hour before me, this afternoon to make Loveit a visit, and (having the privilege, by reason of a profess'd friendship between 'em) to talk of her concerns.

Med. Is she a friend?

Dor. Oh, an intimate friend!

Med. Better and better: pray proceed.

Dor. She means insensibly to insinuate a discourse of me, and artificially raise your jealousy to such a height, that, transported with the first motions of her passion, she shall fly upon me with all the fury imaginable, as soon as ever I enter; the quarrel being thus happily begun, I am to play my part, confess and justify all my roguery, swear her impertinence and ill humour makes her intolerable, tax her with the next fop that comes into my head, and in a huff march away; slight her, and leave her to be taken by whosoever thinks it worth his time to lie down before her,

Med.

Med. This vizard is a spark, and has a genius that makes her worthy of yourself, Dorimant.

Enter HANDY, SHOEMAKER, and FOOTMAN.

Dor. You rogue there, who sneak like a dog that has hung down a dish; if you do not mend your waiting I'll uncase you, and turn you loose to the wheel of fortune. Handy, seal this, and let him run with it presently.

[Exit Handy and Footman.]

Med. Since you're resolv'd on a quarrel, why do you send her this kind note?

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the business. How now, you drunken sot? *[To the Shoemaker.]*

Shoem. 'Sbud, you have no reason to talk, I have not had a bottle of sack of yours in my belly this fortnight.

Med. The Orange-woman says, your neighbours take notice what a heathen you are, and design to inform the bishop, and have you burnt for an Atheist.

Shoem. Damn her, dunghill! if her husband does not remove her, she stinks so, the parish intend to indict him for a nuisance.

Med. I advise you like a friend, reform your life; you have brought the envy of the world upon you, by living above yourself. Whoring and swearing are vices too genteel for a shoemaker.

Shoem. 'Sbud, I think you men of quality will grow as unreasonable as the women: you would ingross the sins o' the nation. Poor folks can no sooner be wicked, but they're rail'd at by their betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you stand in the pillory for this libel.

Shoem. Some of you deserve it, I'm sure; there are so many of 'em, that our journeymen, now-a-days, instead of harmless ballads, sing nothing but your damn'd lampoons.

Dor. Our lampoons, you rogue?

Shoem. Nay, good master, why should not you write your own commentaries, as well as Cæsar?

Med. The rascal's read, I perceive.

Shoem. You know the old proverb, *ale and history.*

Dor. Draw on my shoes, sirrah.

Shoem. Here's a shoe!

Dor. Sits with more wrinkles than there are in an angry bully's forehead.

Shoem. 'Sbud, as smooth as your mistress's skin does upon her; so, strike your foot in home. 'Sbud, if e'er a monsieur of 'em all make more fashionable ware, I'll be content to have my ears whipp'd off with my own paring-knife.

Med. And serv'd up in a ragout, instead of coxcombs, to a company of French shoemakers, for a collation.

Shoem. Hold, hold, damn 'em, caterpillars, let 'em feed upon cabbage. Come, Master, your health this morning next my heart now.

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your family better; do not let your wife follow you to the alehouse, beat your whore, and lead you home in triumph.

Shoem. 'Sbud, there's never a man i' the town lives more like a gentleman with his wife than I do. I never mind her motions, she never enquires into mine: we speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily, and because 'tis vulgar to lie and foak together, we have each of us our several settle-bed.

Dor. Give him half a crown.

Med. Not without he will promise to be bloody drunk.

Shoem. Tope's the word i' the eye of the world, for my master's honour, Robin.

Dor. Do not debauch my servants, Sirrah.

Shoem. I only tip him the wink; he knows an ale-house from a hovil. [Exit Shoem.

Dor. My clothes, quickly.

Med. Where shall we dine to-day?

Dor. Where you will; here comes a good third-man.

Enter Young BELLAIR.

Y. Bel. Your servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir, how will you answer this visit to your honourable mistress? 'Tis not her interest you should keep company with men of sense, who will be talking reason.

Y. Bel. I do not fear her pardon, do you but grant me yours, for my neglect of late.

B

Med.

Med. Tho' you've made us miserable by the want of your good company; to shew you I am free from all resentment, may the beautiful cause of our misfortune give you all the joys happy-lovers have shar'd ever since the world began.

Y. Bel. You wish me in heav'n, but you believe me on my journey to hell.

Med. You have a good strong faith, and that may contribute much towards your salvation. I confess I am but of an untoward constitution, apt to have doubts and scruples, and in love they are no less distracting than in religion; were I so near marriage, I should cry out by fits as I rid in my coach, Cuckold, cuckold, with no less fury than the mad fanatic does Glory in Bethlem.

Y. Bel. Because religion makes some run mad, must I live an atheist?

Med. Is it not great indiscretion for a man of credit, who may have money enough on his word, to go and deal with Jews, who for little sums make men enter into bonds, and give judgments?

Y. Bel. Preach no more on this text; I am determin'd, and there is no hope of my conversion.

Dor. Leave your unnecessary fiddling; a wasp that's buzzing about a man's nose at dinner, is not more troublesome than thou art.

[*To Handy, who is fiddling about him.*]

Han. You love to have your clothes hang just, Sir.

Dor. I love to be well dress'd, Sir; and think it no scandal to my understanding.

Han. Will you use the essence, or orange-flower water?

Dor. I will smell, as I do to-day, no offence to the ladies noses.

Han. Your pleasure, Sir.

Dor. That a man's excellency should lie in neatly tying of a ribband, or a cravat! How careful's Nature in furnishing the world with necessary coxcombs?

Y. Bel. That's a mighty pretty suit of yours, Dorimant.

Dor. I am glad 't has your approbation.

Y. Bel.

Y. Bel. No man in town has a better fancy in his clothes than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an opinion of my genius.

Med. There is a great critic, I hear, in these matters lately arriv'd piping hot from Paris.

Y. Bel. Sir Fopling Flutter, you mean.

Med. The same.

Y. Bel. He thinks himself the pattern of modern gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the pattern of modern foppery.

Med. He was yesterday at the play, with a pair of gloves up to his elbows, and a periwig more exactly curl'd than a lady's head newly dress'd for a ball.

Y. Bel. What a pretty lisp he has!

Dor. Ho! that he affects in imitation of the people of quality in France.

Med. His head stands for the most part on one side, and his looks are more languishing than a lady's, when she lolls at stretch in her coach, or leans her head carelessly against the side of a box i' the playhouse.

Dor. He is a person indeed of great acquir'd follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholden to his education for making him so eminent a coxcomb; many a fool had been lost to the world, had their indulgent parents wisely bestow'd neither learning nor good breeding on 'em.

Y. Bel. He has been, as the sparkish word is, brisk upon the ladies already; he was yesterday at my aunt Townley's, and gave Mrs Loveit a catalogue of his good qualities, under the character of a complete gentleman, who, according to Sir Fopling, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters, an agreeable voice for a chamber, be very amorous, something discreet, but not over constant.

Med. Pretty ingredients to make an accomplish'd person!

Dor. I am glad he pitch'd upon Loveit.

Y. Bel. How so?

Dor. I wanted a fop to lay to her charge, and this is as pat as may be.

Y. Bel. I am confident she loves no man but you.

Dor. The good fortune were enough to make me vain, but that I am in my nature modest.

Y. Bel. Hark you, Dorimant; with your leave, Mr Medley; 'tis only a secret concerning a fair lady.

Med. Your good breeding, Sir, gives you too much trouble; you might have whisper'd without all this ceremony.

Y. Bel. How stand your affairs with Belinda of late?
[To Dorimant.]

Dor. She's a little jilting baggage.

Y. Bel. Nay, I believe her false enough, but she's ne'er the worse for your purpose; she was with you yesterday in a disguise at the play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak to one another more.

Y. Bel. The occasion?

Dor. Want of courage to meet me at the place appointed. These young women apprehend loving, as much as the young men do fighting at first; but once enter'd, like them too, they all turn bullies straight.

Enter HANDY to BELLAIR.

Han. Sir, your man without desires to speak with you.

Y. Bel. Gentlemen, I'll return immediately.

[Exit Y. Bellair.]

Med. A very pretty fellow this.

Dor. He's handsome, well bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit.

Med. Ever well-dress'd, always complaisant, and seldom impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate, I see.

Dor. It is our mutual interest to be so; it makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation; it makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.

Med. What was that whisper?

Dor. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I did not think it fit to tell him: it might have frighted him from his honourable intentions of marrying.

Med.

Med. Emilia, give her her due, has the best reputation of any young woman about the town, who has beauty enough to provoke detraction; her carriage is unaffected, her discourse modest, not at all censorious, nor pretending, like the counterfeits of the age.

Dor. She's a discreet maid, and I believe nothing can corrupt her but a husband.

Med. A husband?

Dor. Yes, a husband; I have known many women make a difficulty of losing a maidenhead, who have afterwards made none of a cuckold.

Med. This prudent consideration, I am apt to think, has made you confirm poor Bellair in the desperate resolution he has taken.

Dor. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in the state she was in, has made him, by my advice, contribute something towards the changing of her condition.

Enter Young BELLAIR.

Dear Bellair, by Heav'n's I thought we had lost thee; men in love are never to be reckon'd on when we would form a company.

Y. Bel. Dorimant, I am undone, my man has brought the most surprising news i' the world.

Dor. Some strange misfortune is befall'n your love.

Y. Bel. My father came to town last night, and lodges i' the very house where Emilia lies.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in love?

Y. Bel. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without some officious sot has betray'd me.

Dor. Your aunt Townley is your confident, and favours the business.

Y. Bel. I do not apprehend any ill office from her. I have received a letter, in which I am commanded by my father to meet him at my aunt's this afternoon; he tells me farther he has made a match for me, and bids me resolve to be obedient to his will, or expect to be disinherited.

Med. Now's your time, Bellair, never had lover such an opportunity of giving a generous proof of his passion.

Y. Bel. As how, I pray?

Med. Why, hang an estate, marry Emilia out of hand, and provoke your father to do what he threatens; 'tis but despising a coach, humbling yourself to a pair of goloshoes, being out of countenance when you meet your friends, pointed at and pitied wherever you go by all the amorous fops that know you, and your fame will be immortal.

Y. Bel. I could find in my heart to resolve not to marry at all.

Dor. Fy, fy! that would spoil a good jest, and disappoint the well-natur'd town of an occasion of laughing at you.

Y. Bel. The storm I have so long expected hangs o'er my head, and begins to pour down upon me; I am on the rack, and can have no rest 'till I'm satisfied in what I fear. Where do you dine?

Dor. At Long's, or Locket's.

Med. At Long's let it be.

Y. Bel. I'll run and see Emilia, and inform myself how matters stand; if my misfortunes are not so great as to make me unfit for company, I'll be with you.

[Exit. *Y. Bel.*

Enter a FOOTMAN with a letter.

Foot. Here's a letter, Sir.

[To *Dor.*

Dor. The superscription's right: For Mr Dorimant.

Med. Let's see; the very scrawl and spelling of a true-bred whore.

Dor. I know the hand; the style is admirable, I assure you.

Med. Pr'ythee read it.

Dorimant reads.

"I told a you you dud not love me; if you dud, you
"wou'd have seen me again ere now. I have no mony,
"and am very mallicolly; pray send me a guynie to see
"the operies.

"Your servant to command, MOLLY."

Med. Pray let the whore have a favourable answer, that she may spark it in a box, and do honour to her profession.

Dor.

ACT II. SIR FOPLING FLUTTER. 23

Dor. She shall, and perk up i' the face of quality. Is the coach at door?

Han. You did not bid me send for it.

Dor. Eternal blockhead! [*Handy offers to go out.*

Ha! sot——

Han. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no just exception to the name, Sir?

Han. I have sense, Sir?

Dor. Not so much as a fly in winter:—How did you come, Medley?

Med. In a chair.

Foot. You may have a hackneycoach, if you please, Sir.

Dor. I may ride the elephant, if I please, Sir; call another chair, and let my coach follow to Long's.

Be calm ye great powers, &c. [*Ex. singing.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter my Lady TOWNLEY and EMILIA.

TOWNLEY.

I WAS afraid, Emilia, all had been discover'd.

Emi. I tremble with the apprehension still.

La. Town. That my brother shou'd take lodgings i' the very house where you lie!

Emi. 'Twas lucky we had timely notice to warn the people to be secret: he seems to be a mighty good humour'd old man.

La. Town. He ever had a notable smerking way with him.

Emi. He calls me rogue, tells me he can't abide me; and does so be-pat me.

La. Town. On my word you had much in his favour then.

Emi. He has been very inquisitive, I am told, about my family, my reputation, and my fortune.

La. Town. I am confident he does not i' the least suspect you are the woman his son's in love with.

Emi. What shou'd make him then inform himself so particularly of me?

La. Town. He was always of a very loving temper himself;

self; it may be he has a doting fit upon him, who knows.

Emi. It cannot be.

Enter Young BELLAIR.

La. Town. Here comes my nephew. — Where did you leave your father?

Y. Bel. Writing a note within. Emilia, this early visit looks as if some kind jealousy would not let you rest at home.

Emi. The knowledge I have of my rival, gives me a little cause to fear your constancy.

Y. Bel. My constancy! I vow——

Emi. Do not vow—Our love is frail as is our life, and full as little in our power; and are you sure you shall out-live this day?

Y. Bel. I am not, but when we are in perfect health, 'twere an idle thing to fright ourselves with the thoughts of sudden death.

La. Town. Pray what has pass'd between you and your father i' the garden?

Y. Bel. He's firm in his resolution, tells me I must marry Mrs Harriet, or swears he'll marry himself, and disinherit me. When I saw I co'd not prevail with him to be more indulgent, I dissimul'd an obedience to his will, which has compos'd his passion, and will give us time, and I hope opportunity to deceive him.

Enter Old BELLAIR, with a note in his hand.

La. Town. Peace, here he comes.

Old Bel. Harry, take this, and let your man carry it for me to Mr Fourbes's chamber, my lawyer, i' the Temple. Neighbour, a-dod I am glad to see thee here. [*To Emilia.*] Make much of her, Sister, she's one of the best of your acquaintance; I like her countenance and her behaviour well, she has a modesty that is not common i' this age, a-dod, she has.

La. Town. I know her value, brother, and esteem her accordingly.

Old Bel. Advise her to wear a little more mirth in her face, a-dod she's too serious.

La. Town. The fault is very excuseable in a young woman.

Old

Old Bel. Nay, a-dod, I like her ne'er the worse : a melancholy beauty has her charms ; I love a pretty sadness in a face which varies now and then, like changeable colours, into a smile.

La. Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly, brother.

Old Bel. I am but five and fifty, sister, you know, an age not altogether insensible ! Cheer up, sweet heart. [*To Emilia*] I have a secret to tell thee may chance to make thee merry ; we three will make collation together anon, i' the mean time mum, I can't abide you ; go, I can't abide you.—Harry, come,

Enter Young BELLAIR.

you must along with me to my Lady Woodvill's. I am going to slip the boy at a mistress.

Y. Bel. At a wife, Sir, you wou'd say.

Old Bel. You need not look so grum, Sir, a wife is no curse when she brings the blessing of a good estate with her : but an idle town flurt, with a painted face, a rotten reputation ; and a crazy fortune, a-dod, is the devil and all ; and such a one I hear you are in league with.

Y. Bel. I cannot help detraction, Sir.

Old Bel. Out, a pife o' their breeches, there are keeping fools enough for such flaunting baggages, and they are e'en too good for 'em. Remember night, [*To Emilia.*] go, y'are a rogue, y'are a rogue ; fare you well, fare you well ; come, come, come along, Sir.

[*Ex. Old and Young Bellair.*]

La. Town. On my word, the old man comes on apace ; I'll lay my life he's smitten.

Emi. This is nothing but the pleasantness of his humour.

La. Town. I know him better than you : let it work, it may prove lucky.

Enter a PAGE.

Page. Madam, Mr Medley has sent to know whether a visit will not be troublesome this afternoon ?

La. Town. Send him word his visits never are so.

Emi. He's a very pleasant man. [*Ex. Page.*]

La. Town. He's a very necessary man among us women ; he's not scandalous i' the least, perpetually contriving

triving to bring good company together, and always ready to stop up a gap at Ombre: then he knows all the little news o' the town.

Emi. I love to hear him talk o' the intrigues; let 'em be never so dull in themselves, he'll make 'em pleasant i' the relation.

La. Town. But he improves things so much, one can take no measure of the truth from him. Mr Dorimant swears a flea or a maggot is not made more monstrous by a magnifying glass, than a story is by his telling it.

Emi. Hold, here he comes.

Enter MEDLEY.

La. Town. Mr Medley.

Med. Your servant, Madam.

La. Town. You have made yourself a stranger of late.

Emi. I believe you took a surfeit of Ombre last time you were here.

Med. Indeed I had my belly full of that tarmagant Lady Dealer; there never was so insatiable a carder, an old gleeker never lov'd to sit to't like her; I have plaid with her now at least a dozen times, 'till she has worn out all her fine complexion, and her tour wou'd keep in curl no longer.

La. Town. Blame her not, poor woman, she loves nothing so well as a black ace.

Med. The pleasure I have seen her in, when she has had hope in drawing for a Matadore!

Emi. 'Tis as pretty sport to her, as persuading masks off is to you to make discoveries.

La. Town. Pray, where's your friend Mr Dorimant?

Med. Soliciting his affairs; he's a man of great employment, has more mistresses now depending than the most eminent lawyer in England has causes.

Emi. Here has been Mrs Loveit, so uneasy and out of humour these two days.

La. Town. How strangely love and jealousy rage in that poor woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a devil upon earth so proper to torment her: he has made her break a dozen or two of fans already, tear half a score points in pieces, and destroy hoods and knots without number.

La. Town.

ACT II. Sir FOPLING FLUTTER. 27

La. Town. We heard of a pleasing serenade he gave her t'other night.

Med. A Danish serenade, with kettle-drums and trumpets.

Emi. Oh barbarous !

Med. What, are you of the number of the ladies whose ears are grown so delicate since our operas, you can be charm'd with nothing but flute-doux and French hautboys ?

Emi. Leave your raillery, and tell us, is there any new wit come forth, songs, or novels ?

Med. A very pretty piece of gallantry, by an eminent author, call'd, *The diversions of Brussels*, very necessary to be read by all old ladies, who are desirous to improve themselves at questions and commands, Blindman's Buff, and the like fashionable recreations.

Emi. Oh ridiculous !

Med. Then there is *The art of affectation*, written by a late beauty of quality, teaching you how to draw up your breasts, stretch up your neck, and thrust out your breech, to play with your head, to toss up your nose, to bite your lips, to turn up your eyes, to speak in a silly soft tone of a voice, and use all the foolish French words that will infallibly make your person and conversation charming ; with a short apology at the latter-end in the behalf of young ladies who notoriously wash and paint, though they have naturally good complexions.

Emi. What a deal of stuff you tell us !

Med. Such as the town affords, Madam. The Russians hearing the great respect we have for foreign dancing, have lately sent over some of their best Balladins, who are now practising a famous ballat, which will be suddenly danc'd at the Bear-garden.

La. Town. Pray forbear your idle stories, and give us an account of the state of love, as it now stands.

Med. Truly there have been some revolutions in those affairs, great chopping and changing among the old, and some new lovers, whom malice, indiscretion, and misfortune have luckily brought into play.

La. Town. What think you of walking into the next room,

room, and sitting down before you engage in this business?

Med. I'll wait upon you ; and I hope (though women are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of scandal I shall discover, to give you very good content, ladies.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. II.

Enter Mrs LOVEIT and PERT.

[*Mrs Loveit putting up a letter, then pulling out her pocket glass, and looking in it.*]

Mrs Love. Pert !

Pert. Madam !

Mrs Love. I hate myself, I look so ill to-day.

Pert. Hate the wicked cause on't, that base man Mr Dorimant, who makes you torment and vex yourself continually.

Mrs Love. He is to blame indeed.

Pert. To blame ! to be two days without sending, writing, or coming near you, contrary to his oath and covenant ! 'Twas to much purpose to make him swear. I'll lay my life there is not an article but he has broken. Talk'd to the vizards i' the pit, waited upon the ladies from the boxes to their coaches ; gone behind the scenes, and fawn'd upon those little insignificant creatures the players : 'tis impossible for a man of his inconstant temper to forbear, I'm sure.

Mrs Love. I know he is a devil, but he has something of the angel yet undefac'd in him, which makes him so charming and agreeable, that I must love him, be he never so wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, to see your spirit tamed to this degree, who banished poor Mr Lackwit but for taking up another lady's fan in your presence.

Mrs Love. My knowing of such odious fools contributes to the making of me love Dorimant the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr Dorimant, in my mind, should rather make you hate all mankind.

Mrs Love. So it does, besides himself.

Pert. Pray, what excuse does he make in his letter ?

Mrs Love. He has had business.

Pert. Business in general terms would not have been

a current excuse for another ; a modish man is always very busy when he is in pursuit of a new mistress.

Mrs Love. Some fop has brib'd you to rail at him : he had business, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing, but I shall never forgive him his turning me into ridicule, as I hear he does.

Mrs Love. I perceive you are of the number of those fools his wit has made his enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of those he's pleas'd to rally, Madam ; and if we may believe Mr Wagfan and Mr Caperwell, he sometimes makes merry with yourself too among his laughing companions.

Mrs Love. Blockheads are as malicious to witty men as ugly women are to the handsome ; 'tis their interest, and they make it their business to defame 'em.

Pert. I wish Mr Dorimant wou'd not make it his business to defame you.

Mrs Love. Should he, I had rather be made infamous by him, than owe my reputation to the dull indiscretion of those fops you talk of. Bellinda ! [*Running to her.*]

Enter BELLINDA.

Bel. My dear.

Mrs Love. You have been unkind of late.

Bel. Do not say unkind ; say unhappy !

Mrs Love. I could chide you ; where have you been these two days ?

Bel. Pity me rather, my dear, where I have been so tir'd with two or three country gentlewomen, whose conversation has been more insufferable than a country fiddle.

Mrs Love. Are they relations ?

Bel. No ; Welsh acquaintance I made when I was last year at St Winefred's ; they have ask'd me a thousand questions of the modes and intrigues of the town, and I have told 'em almost as many things for news that hardly were so when their gowns were in fashion.

Mrs Love. Provoking creatures ! how cou'd you endure 'em ?

Bel. Now, to carry on my plot. Nothing but love cou'd make me capable of so much falsehood. [*Aside.*] 'Tis

C

time

time to begin, lest Dorimant should come before her jealousy has stung her. [*Laughs, and then speaks on.*] I was yesterday at a play with 'em, where I was fain to shew 'em the living, as the man at Westminster does the dead: That is Mrs Such-a-one, admir'd for her beauty; this is Mrs Such-a-one, cried up for a wit; that is sparkish Mr Such-a-one, who keeps reverend Mrs Such-a-one; and there sits fine Mrs Such-a-one, who was lately cast off by my Lord Such-a-one.

Mrs Love. Did you see Dorimant there?

Bel. I did; and imagine you were there with him, and have no mind to own it.

Mrs Love. What should make you think so?

Bel. A lady mask'd in a pretty dishabile, whom Dorimant entertained with more respect than the gallants do a common vizard.

Mrs Love. Dorimant at the play entertaining a mask! Oh, heavens!

Bel. Good!

Mrs Love. Did he stay all the while?

Bel. 'Till the play was done, and then led her out, which confirms me it was you.

Mrs Love. Traitor!

Pert. Now you may believe he had business, and you may forgive him too.

Mrs Love. Ungrateful perjur'd man!

Bel. You seem so much concern'd my dear, I fear I have told you unawares what I had better have conceal'd for your quiet.

Mrs Love. What manner of shape had she?

Bel. Tall and slender, her motions very genteel; certainly she must be some person of condition.

Mrs Love. Shame and confusion be ever in her face when she shows it!

Bel. I should blame your discretion for loving that wild man, my dear; but they say he has a way so bewitching that few can defend their hearts who know him.

Mrs Love. I will tear him from mine, or die i' the attempt.

Bel. Be more moderate.

Mrs Love. Wou'd I had daggers, darts, or poison'd
arrows

arrows in my breast, so I cou'd but remove the thoughts of him from thence.

Bel. Fy, fy; your transports are too violent, my dear: This may be but an accidental gallantry, and 'tis likely ended at her coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your comfort be, the conduct Mr Dorimant affects will quickly make you know your rival; ten to one let you see her ruin'd, her reputation expos'd to the town; a happiness none will envy her but yourself, Madam.

Mrs Love. Whoe'er she be, all the harm I wish her is, May she love him as well as I do, and may he give her as much cause to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your curse, Madam.

Mrs Love. May all the passions that are rais'd by neglected love, jealousy, indignation, spite, and thirst of revenge, eternally rage in her soul, as they do now in mine. *[Walks up and down with a distracted air.]*

Enter PAGE.

Page. Madam, Mr Dorimant——

Mrs Love. I will not see him.

Page. I told him you were within, Madam.

Mrs Love. Say you lied; say I'm busy; shut the door, say any thing.

Page. He's here, Madam.

Enter DORIMANT.

Dor. *They taste of death who do at heav'n arrive,*

But we this paradise approach alive.

What, dancing the golloping nag without a fiddle!

[To Mrs Loveit.]

[Offers to catch her hand, she flings away, and walks on.] I fear this restlessness of the body, Madam, *[Pursuing her.]* proceeds from an unquietness of the mind. What unlucky accident puts you out of humour? a point ill washed, knots spoil'd i' the making up, hair shedded awry, or some other little mistake in setting you in order?

Pert. A trifle, in my opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable than any you mention.

Dor. Oh, Mrs Pert, I never knew you sullen enough to be silent; come, let me know the business.

Pert. The business, Sir, is the business that has taken you up these two days. How have I seen you laugh at men of business, and now to become a man of business yourself!

Dor. We are not masters of our own affections; our inclinations daily alter; now we love pleasure, and anon we shall doat on business; human frailty will have it so, and who can help it?

Mrs Love. Faithless, inhuman, barbarous man——

Dor. Good! now the alarm strikes——

Mrs Love. Without sense of love, of honour, or of gratitude! tell me, for I will know, what devil mask'd she was you were with at the play yesterday?

Dor. Faith I resolv'd as much as you, but the devil was obstinate, and would not tell me.

Mrs Love. False in this as in your vows to me! you do know.

Dor. The truth is, I did all I cou'd to know.

Mrs Love. And dare you own it to my face? Hell and furies!

[Tears her fan in pieces.

Dor. Spare your fan, Madam; you are growing hot, and will want it to cool you.

Mrs Love. Horror and distraction seize you! sorrow and remorse gnaw your soul, and punish all your perjuries to me!

[Weeps.

Dor. So thunder breaks the cloud in twain,

And makes a passage for the rain. [Turning to Bel.

Belinda, you are the devil that have rais'd this storm; you were at the play yesterday, [To Bel.] and have been making discoveries to your dear.

Bel. Y'are the most mistaken man in the world.

Dor. It must be so, and here I vow revenge; resolve to pursue and persecute you more impertinently than ever any loving fop did his mistress; hunt you i' the Park, trace you i' the Mall, dog you in every visit you make, haunt you at the plays, and i' the drawing-room, hang my nose in your neck, and talk to you whether you will or no, and ever look upon you with such dying eyes, till your friends grow jealous of me; send you out of town, and make the world suspect your reputation. At

my

my Lady Towaley's [*In a lower voice.*] when we go from hence. [*He looks kindly on Belinda.*]

Bel. I'll meet you there.

Dor. Enough.

Mrs Love. Stand off, you sha'not stare upon her so.

[*Pushing Dorimant away,*]

Dor. Good! there's one made jealous already.

Mrs Love. Is this the constancy you vow'd?

Dor. Constancy at my years! 'tis not a virtue in season, you might as well expect the fruit the autumn ripens i' the spring.

Mrs Love. Monstrous principle!

Dor. Youth has a long journey to go, Madam: should I have set up my rest at the first inn I lodg'd at, I should never have arriv'd at the happiness I now enjoy.

Mrs Love. Dissembler, damn'd dissembler!

Dor. I am so, I confess; good nature and good manners corrupt me. I am honest in my inclinations, and would not, wer't not to avoid offence, make a Lady a little in years believe I think her young, wilfully mistake art for nature, and seem as fond of a thing I am weary of, as when I doated on't in earnest.

Mrs Love. False man!

Dor. True woman.

Mrs Love. Now you begin to show yourself!

Dor. Love gilds us over, and makes us show fine things to one another for a time; but soon the gold wears off, and then again the native brass appears.

Mrs Love. Think on your oaths, your vows and protestations, perjur'd man.

Dor. I made 'em when I was in love.

Mrs Love. And therefore ought they not to bind? Oh impious!

Dor. What we swear at such a time may be a certain proof of a present passion; but to say truth, in love there is no security to be given for the future.

Mrs Love. Horrid and ungrateful! be gone, and never see me more.

Dor. I am not one of those troublesome coxcombs, who, because they were once well receiv'd, take the privilege to plague a woman with their love ever after.

I shall obey you, Madam, though I do myself some violence. [*He offers to go, and Loveit pulls him back.*

Mrs Love. Come back, you sha'not go. Could you have the ill nature to offer it?

Dor. When love grows diseas'd, the best thing we can do is to put it to a violent death; I cannot endure the torture of a lingring and consumptive passion.

Mrs Love. Can you think mine sickly?

Dor. Oh, 'tis desperately ill! what worse symptoms are there than your being always uneasy when I visit you, your picking quarrels with me on slight occasions, and in my absence kindly list'ning to the impertinencies of every fashionable fool that talks to you?

Mrs Love. What fashionable fool can you lay to my charge?

Dor. Why, the very cock-fool of all those fools, Sir Fopling Flutter.

Mrs Love. I never saw him in my life but once.

Dor. The worse woman you, at first sight to put on all your charms, to entertain him with that softness in your voice, and all that wanton kindness in your eyes, you so notoriously affect when you design a conquest.

Mrs Love. So damn'd a lie did ever malice yet invent! who told you this?

Dor. No matter; that ever I should love a woman that can doat on a senseless caper, a tawdry French ribband, and a formal cravat!

Mrs Love. You make me mad.

Dor. A guilty conscience may do much; go on, be the game-mistress o' the town, and enter all our young fops, as fast as they come from travel.

Mrs Love. Base and scurrilous!

Dor. A fine mortifying reputation 'twill be for a woman of your pride, wit, and quality!

Mrs Love. This jealousy's a mere pretence, a cursed trick of your own devising; I know you.

Dor. Believe it, and all the ill of me you can. I would not have a woman have the least good thought of me, that can think well of Fopling. Farewell; fall to, and much good may do you with your coxcomb.

Mrs Love. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already. [*Exit Dor.*

Mrs Love.

ACT III. SIR FOPLING FLUTTER: 35

Mrs Love. Call him again.

Pert. E'en let him go, a fair riddance.

Mrs Love. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd.

Pert. The devil shou'd carry him away first, were it my concern. *[Exit Pert.]*

Bel. H'as frighted me from the very thoughts of loving men; for Heaven's sake, my dear, do not discover what I told you; I dread his tongue as much as you ought to have done his friendship.

Enter PERT.

Pert. He's gone, Madam.

Mrs Love. Light'ning blast him!

Pert. When I told him you desired him to come back, he smil'd, made a mouth at me, flung into his coach, and said——

Mrs Love. What did he say?

Pert. Drive away; and then repeated verses.

Mrs Love. Wou'd I had made a contract to be a witch when first I entertain'd this great devil; monster, barbarian! I could tear myself in pieces. Revenge, nothing but revenge can ease me: plague, war, famine, fire, all that can bring universal ruin and misery on mankind, with joy I'd perish to have you in my power but this moment.

[Exit Loveit.]

Pert. Follow, Madam; leave her not in this outrageous passion. *[Pert gathers up the things.]*

Bel. H'as given me the proof which I desired of his love;

But 'tis a proof of his ill nature too;

I wish I had not seen him use her so.

I sigh to think that Dorimant may be

One day as faithless and unkind to me. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady Woodvil's Lodgings.

Enter HARRIET and BUSY, her woman.

BUSY.

DEAR Madam! let me set that curl in order.

Har. Let me alone. I will shake 'em all out of order.

Busy.

Busy. Will you never leave this wildness?

Har. Torment me not.

Busy. Look! there's a knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Busy. But one pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I daily suffer under thy officious fingers!

Busy. Ah, the difference that is between you and my Lady Dapper! how uneasy she is if the least thing be amiss about her!

Har. She is indeed most exact! nothing is ever wanting to make her ugliness remarkable!

Busy. Jeering people say so.

Har. Her powdering, painting, and her patching, never fail in public to draw the tongues and eyes of all the men upon her.

Busy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That women should set up for beauty as much in spite of nature, as some men have done for wit!

Busy. I hope, without offence, one may endeavour to make one's self agreeable.

Har. Not when 'tis impossible. Women then ought to be no more fond of dressing than fools should be of talking: hoods and modesty, masks and silence, things that shadow and conceal, they should think of nothing else.

Busy. Jesu! Madam, what will your mother think is become of you? for Heaven's sake go in again.

Har. I won't.

Busy. This is the extravagant'st thing that ever you did in your life, to leave her and a gentleman who is to be your husband.

Har. My husband! hast thou so little wit to think I spoke what I meant, when I overjoy'd her in the country, with a low courtsey, and *what you please, Madam, I shall ever be obedient?*

Busy. Nay, I know not, you have so many fetches.

Har. And this was one, to get her up to London; nothing else, I assure thee.

Busy. Well, the man, in my mind, is a fine man.

Har. The man indeed wears his clothes fashionably, and has a pretty negligent way with him, very courtly,

and

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and much affected ; he bows, and talks, and smiles so agreeably, as he thinks.

Bufy. I never saw any thing so genteel !

Har. Varnish'd over with good breeding, many a blockhead makes a tolerable show.

Bufy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable woman should expect in a husband ; but there is duty i' the case ;——and like the haughty Merab,

I find much aversion in my stubborn mind,

Which is bred by being promis'd and design'd,

Bufy. I wish you do not design your own ruin ! I partly guess your inclinations, Madam—that Mr Dorimant—

Har. Leave your prating, and sing some foolish song or other.

Bufy. I will ; the song you love so well ever since you saw Mr Dorimant.

S O N G.

When first Amyntas charm'd my heart,

My heedless sheep began to stray ;

The wolves soon stole the greatest part,

And all will now be made a prey.

Ah ! let not love your thoughts possess,

'Tis fatal to a shepherdess ;

The dang'rous passion you must shun,

Or else, like me, be quite undone.

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous parent for a purchase ? I need no land ; no, I'll lay myself out all in love. It is decreed——

Enter Young BELLAIR.

Y. Bel. What generous resolutions are you making, Madam ?

Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.

Y. Bel. Let me join hands with you in that——

Har. With all my heart. I never thought I should have given you mine so willingly. Here I, Harriet——

Y. Bel. And I, Harry——

Har. Do solemnly protest——

Y. Bel. And vow——

Har.

Har. That I with you——

Y. Bel. And I with you——

Both. Will never marry——

Har. A match!

Y. Bel. And no match! How do you like this indifference now?

Har. You expect I should take it ill, I see.

Y. Bel. 'Tis not unnatural for you women to be a little angry you miss a conquest, though you would slight the poor man, were he in your power.

Har. There are some, it may be, have an eye like Bart'lomew, big enough for the whole fair; but I am not of the number, and you may keep your gingerbread, 'twill be more acceptable to the lady whose dear image it wears, Sir.

Y. Bel. I must confess, Madam, you came a day after the fair.

Har. You own then you are in love——

Y. Bel. I do.

Har. The confidence is generous; and, in return, I could almost find in my heart to let you know my inclinations.

Y. Bel. Are you in love?

Har. Yes, with this dear town, to that degree, I can scarce endure the country in landscapes and hangings.

Y. Bel. What a dreadful thing 'twould be to be hurry'd back to Hampshire?

Har. Ah!—name it not.

Y. Bel. As for us, I find we shall agree well enough! wou'd we cou'd do something to deceive the grave people!

Har. Could we delay their proceeding 'twere well: a reprieve is a good step towards the getting of a pardon.

Y. Bel. If we give over the game we are undone: what think you of playing it on booty?

Har. What do you mean?

Y. Bel. Pretend to be in love with one another; 'twill make some dilatory excuses we may feign pass the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it be but for the dear pleasure of dissembling.

Y. Bel. Can you play your part?

Har. I know not what 'tis to love; but I have made pretty

pretty remarks by being now and then where lovers meet.
Where did you leave their gravities?

Y. Bel. I' th' next room; your mother was censuring our modern gallants.

Enter Old BELLAIR and Lady WOODVIL.

Har. Peace! here they come. I will lean against this wall, and look bashfully down upon my fan, while you, like an amorous spark, modestly entertain me.

La. Wood. Never go about to excuse 'em. Come, come, it was not so when I was a young woman.

Old Bel. Adod, they're something disrespectful.

La. Wood. Quality was then consider'd, and not rally'd by every fleering fellow.

Old Bel. Youth will have its jeft; adod it will.

La. Wood. 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but players and exchange women; they are treated by 'em as much above their condition as others are below theirs.

Old Bel. Out, a pize on 'em, talk no more; the rogues ha' got an ill habit of preferring beauty, no matter where they find it.

La. Wood. See your son and my daughter, they have improved their acquaintance since they were within.

Old Bel. Adod, methinks they have! Let's keep back, and observe.

Y. Bel. Now for a look and gestures that may persuade 'em I am saying all the passionate things imaginable.

Har. Your head a little more on one side, ease yourself on your left leg, and play with your right hand.

Y. Bel. Thus, is it not?

Har. Now, set your right leg firm on the ground, adjust your belt, then look about you.

Y. Bel. A little exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish.

Y. Bel. Will you take your turn, and be instructed?

Har. With all my heart.

Y. Bel. At one motion, play your fan, roll your eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me.

Har. So!

Y. Bel. Now spread your fan, look down upon it, and tell the sticks with a finger.

Har. Very modish!

Y. Bel.

40 The MAN of MODE: or, ACT III.

Y. Bel. Clap your hand up to your bosom, hold down your gown, shrug a little, draw up your breasts, and let 'em fall again gently with a sigh or two, &c.

Har. By the good instructions you give, I suspect you for one of those malicious observers who watch people's eyes, and from innocent looks make scandalous conclusions.

Y. Bel. I know some, indeed, who out of meer love to mischief are as vigilant as jealousy itself, and will give you an account of every glance that passes at a play, and i' th' circle.

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

Y. Bel. Clap your fan then in both your hands, snatch it to your mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your body a little forwards. So—now spread it; fall back on the sudden, cover your face with it, and break out into a loud laughter—Take up, look grave, and fall a fanning of yourself—Admirably well acted!

Har. I think I am pretty apt at these matters.

Old Bel. Adod, I like this well.

La. Wood. This promises something.

Old Bel. Come, there is love i' th' case; adod there is, or will be. What say you, young lady?

Har. All in good time, Sir. You expect we should fall to and love, as game cocks fight, as soon as we are set together; adod you're unreasonable!

Old Bel. Adod, Sir, I like thy wit well.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. The coach is at the door, Madam.

Old Bel. Go, get you and take the air together.

La. Wood. Will not you go with us?

Old Bel. Out a pize: adod, I ha' business and cannot: We shall meet at night at my sister Townley's.

Y. Bel. He's going to Emilia. [*Aside.*] I overheard him talk of a collation.

[*Exeunt*

S C E N E II.

Enter Lady TOWNLEY, EMILIA, and MEDLEY.

La Town. I pity the young lovers we last talk'd of, tho', to say truth, their conduct has been so indiscreet they deserve to be unfortunate.

2

Med.

ACT III. Sir FOPLING FLUTTER. 41

Med. Y' have had an exact account, from the great lady i' th' box down to the little orange wench.

Emi. Y' are a living libel, a breathing lampoon; I wonder you are not torn in pieces.

Med. What think you of setting up an office of intelligence for these matters? The project may get money.

La. Town. You would have great dealings with country ladies.

Med. More than Muddiman has with their husbands.

Enter BELINDA.

La. Town. Belinda! what has been become of you? we have not seen you here of late with your friend Mrs Loveit.

Bel. Dear creature, I left her but now so sadly afflicted!

La. Town. With her old distemper, jealousy!

Med. Dorimant has plaid her some new prank.

Bel. Well, that Dorimant is certainly the worst man breathing.

Emi. I once thought so.

Bel. And do you not think so still?

Emi. No, indeed!

Bel. Oh, Jesu!

Emi. The town does him a great deal of injury, and I will never believe what it says of a man I do not know again for his sake.

Bel. You make me wonder!

La. Town. He's a very well-bred man.

Bel. But strangely ill-natur'd.

Emi. Then he's a very witty man.

Bel. But a man of no principles.

Med. Your man of principles is a very fine thing indeed?

Bel. To be preferr'd to men of parts by women who have regard to their reputation and quiet. Well, were I minded to play the fool, he should be the last man I'd think of.

Med. He has been the first in many ladies favours, though you are so severe, Madam.

La. Town. What he may be for a lover I know not, but he's a very pleasant acquaintance I am sure.

D

Bel.

Bel. Had you seen him use Mrs Loveit as I have done, you would never endure him more.——

Emi. What, he has quarrell'd with her again?

Bel. Upon the slightest occasion he is jealous of Sir Fopling.

La. Town. She never saw him in her life but yesterday, and that was here.

Emi. On my conscience, he's the only man in town that's her aversion; how horribly out of humour she was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bel. And somebody has wickedly told him——

Emi. Here he comes.

Enter DORIMANT.

Med. Dorimant! you are luckily come to justify yourself.—Here's a lady——

Bel. Has a word or two to say to you from a disconsolate person.

Dor. You tender your reputation too much I know, Madam, to whisper with me before this good company.

Bel. To serve Mrs Loveit, I'll make a bold venture.

Dor. Here's Medley, the very spirit of scandal.

Bel. No matter.

Emi. 'Tis something you are unwilling to hear, Mr Dorimant.

La. Town. Tell him, Belinda, whether he will or no.

Bel. Mrs Loveit! [*Aloud.*

Dor. Softly, these are laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bel. In a word, y'have made me hate you, [*To Dor. apart.*] which I thought you never could have done.

Dor. In obeying your commands.

Bel. It was a cruel part you played; how could you act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a man who could kill himself to please you. Remember five o'clock to-morrow morning.

Bel. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be sure you come.

Bel. I sha'not.

Dor. Swear you will.

Bel. I dare not.

Dor. Swear, I say.

Bel. By my life! by all the happiness I hope for——

Dor.

Dor. You will.

Bel. I will.

Dor. Kind.

Bel. I am glad I've sworn; I vow I think I should ha' fail'd you else.

Dor. Surprisingly kind! In what temper did you leave Loveit?

Bel. Her raving was prettily over, and she began to be in a brave way of defying you and all your works. Where have you been since you went from thence?

Dor. I looked in at the play.

Bel. I have promis'd, and must return to her again.

Dor. Persuade her to walk in the Mall this evening.

Bel. She hates the place, and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bel. For what purpose?

Dor. Sir Fopling will be here anon; I'll prepare him to set upon her there before me.

Bel. You persecute her too much; but I'll do all you'll ha' me.

Dor. aloud.] Tell her plainly, 'tis grown so dull a business I can drudge on no longer.

Emi. There are afflictions in love, Mr Dorimant.

Dor. You women make them, who are commonly as unreasonable in that as you are at play; without the advantage be on your side a man can never quietly give over when he's weary.

Med. If you would play without being obliged to complaisance, Dorimant, you should play in public places.

Dor. Ordinaries were a very good thing for that, but gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the deep play is now in private houses. [*Belinda offering to steal away.*]

La. Town. Belinda, are you leaving us so soon?

Bel. I am to go to the Park with Mrs Loveit, Madam—

[*Exit Belinda.*]

La. Town. This confidence will go nigh to spoil this young creature.

Med. 'Twill do her good, Madam. Young men who are brought up under able practising lawyers prove the abler counsel when they come to be call'd to the bar themselves—

Dor. The town has been very favourable to you this afternoon,

afternoon, my Lady Townley; you use to have an ambarras of chairs and coaches at your door, an uproar of footmen in your hall, and a noise of fools above here.

La. Town. Indeed my house is the general rendezvous, and, next to the playhouse, is the common refuge of all the young idle people.

Emi. Company is a very good thing, Madam; but I wonder you do not love it a little more chosen.

La. Town. It is good to have an universal taste; we should love wit, but, for variety, be able to divert ourselves with the extravagancies of those who want it.

Med. Fools will make you laugh.

Emi. For once or twice; but the repetition of their folly, after a visit or two, grows tedious and insufferable.

La. Town. You are a little too delicate, Emilia.

Enter a PAGE.

Page. Sir Fopling Flutter, Madam, desires to know if you are to be seen.

La. Town. Here's the freshest fool in town, and one who has not cloy'd you yet. *Page!*

Page. Madam!

La. Town. Desire him to walk up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, Medley, and snub him. Sooth him up in his extravagance; he will shew the better.

Med. You know I have a natural indulgence for fools, and need not this caution, Sir.

Enter Sir FOPLING FLUTTER, with his page after him.

Sir Fop. Page, wait without. Madam, [*To La. Town.*] I kiss your hands. I see yesterday was nothing of chance, the *belles assemblées* form themselves here every day. Lady, your servant. [*To Emi.*] Dorimant, let me embrace thee. Without lying, I have not met with any of my acquaintance who retain so much of Paris as thou dost; the very air thou hadst when the Marquis mistook thee i' th' Tuilleries, and cry'd, Hey, Chevalier! and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor. I wou'd fain wear in fashion as long as I can, Sir; 'tis a thing to be valued in men as well as bawbles.

Sir Fop. Thou art a man of wit, and understand'st the town; pr'ythee let thee and I be intimate; there is no living

living without making some good man the confident of our pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true; but there is no man so improper for such a business as I am.

Sir Fop. Prithee, why hast thou so modest an opinion of thyself?

Dor. Why, first, I could never keep a secret in my life; and then, there is no charm so infallibly makes me fall in love with a woman as my knowing a friend loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sir Fop. Thy humour's very gallant, or let me perish. I knew a French Count so like thee.

La. Town. Wit, I perceive, has more power over you than beauty, Sir Fopling, else you would not have let this lady stand so long neglected.

Sir Fop. A thousand pardons, Madam. [*To Emilia.*] Some civilities due of course upon the meeting a long-absent friend. The eclat of so much beauty, I confess, ought to have charm'd me sooner.

Emi. The brillian of so much good language, Sir, has much more power than the little beauty I can boast.

Sir Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high work on your *point d'Espagne*—

Emi. 'Tis not so rich as *point de Venice*—

Sir Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more proper for the season. Dorimant, is not that Medley?

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sir Fop. Forgive me, Sir; in this ambarass of civilities I could not come to have you in my arms sooner. You understand an equipage the best of any man in town, I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sir Fop. There are critics who do not write, Sir.

Med. Our peevish poets will scarce allow it.

Sir Fop. Demn 'em; they'll allow no man wit who does not play the fool like themselves, and show it. Have you taken notice of the gallest I brought over?

Med. O yes! it has quite another air than the English makes.

Sir Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an English tumbril as an Inns-of-court man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a belle-air in gallesthes as well as men,

Med. But there are few so delicate as to observe it.

Sir Fop. The world is generally very grossier here indeed.

La. Town. He's very fine!

Emi. Extreme proper!

Sir Fop. A slight suit I made to appear in at my first arrival, not worthy your consideration, ladies.

Dor. The pantaloons are very well mounted.

Sir Fop. The tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a coat better cut.

Sir Fop. It makes me shew long wasted, and, I think, slender.

Dor. That's the shape our ladies doat on.

Med. Your breech though is a handful too high in my eye, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Peace, Medley; I have wish'd it lower a thousand times, but, a pox on't, it will not be.

La. Town. His gloves are well fring'd, large and graceful.

Sir Fop. I was always eminent for being *bien ganté*.

Emi. He wears nothing but what are originals of the most famous hands in Paris.

Sir Fop. You are in the right, Madam.

La. Town. The suit?

Sir Fop. Barroy.

Emi. The garniture?

Sir Fop. Le Gras.

Med. The shoes?

Sir Fop. Piccar.

Dor. The periwig?

Sir Fop. Chedreux.

La. Town. and Emi. The gloves?

Sir Fop. Orangerie. You know the smell, Ladies. Dorimant, I could find in my heart for an amusement to have a gallantry with some of our English ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the reputation of your wit, than a duel will be to satisfy the town of your courage.

Sir Fop. Here was a woman yesterday——

Dor. Mistress Loveit.

Sir Fop. You have nam'd her.

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sir Fop.

Sir Fop. Prithee, what is she?

Dor. A person of quality, and one who has a rest of reputation enough to make the conquest considerable; besides, I hear she likes you too!

Sir Fop. Methought she seem'd—though very reserv'd and uneasy all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and affectation. You will see her i'the Mall to-night.

Sir Fop. Prithee, let thee and I take the air together.

Dor. I am engaged to Medley; but I'll meet you at St James's, and give you some information, upon the which you may regulate your proceedings.

Sir Fop. All the world will be in the park to-night. Ladies, 'twere pity to keep so much beauty longer within doors, and rob the ring of all those charms that should adorn it.—Hey, page! [*Enter Page and goes out again.*] See that all my people be ready. *Dorimant, A revoir.*

Med. A fine mett'd coxcomb!

Dor. Brisk and insipid—

Med. Pert and dull.

Emi. However you despise him, Gentlemen, I'll lay my life he passes for a wit with many.

Dor. That may very well be: Nature has her cheats, stuns a brain, and puts sophisticate dulness often on the tasteless multitude for true wit and good humour. *Medley, come.*

Med. I must go a little way, I'll meet you i'the Mall.

Dor. I'll walk through the garden thither: we shall meet anon and bow. [*To the women.*]

La. Town. Not to-night; we are engaged about a business, the knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

Med. Your servant, Ladies.

Dor. *A revoir*, as *Sir Fopling* says—

[*Exit Medley and Dorimant.*]

La. Town. The old man will be here immediately.

Emi. Let's expect him i' the garden—

La. Town. Go, you are a rogue.

Emi. I can't abide you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*The Mall.**Enter HARRIET and Young BELLAIR, she pulling him.**Har.* Come along.*Y. Bel.* And leave your mother !*Har.* Busy will be sent with a hue and cry after us ;
but that's no matter.*Y. Bel.* 'Twill look strangely in me.*Har.* She'll believe it a freak of mine, and never blame
your manners.*Y. Bel.* What reverend acquaintance is that she has met ?*Har.* A fellow-beauty of the last king's time, tho' by
the ruins you would hardly guess it. *[Exeunt.]**[Dorimant enters and crosses the stage.]**Enter Young BELLAIR and HARRIET.**Y. Bel.* By this time your mother is in a fine taking.*Har.* If your friend Mr Dorimant were but here now,
that she might find me talking with him.*Y. Bel.* She does not know him, but dreads him, I
hear, of all mankind.*Har.* She concludes, if he does but speak to a woman
she's undone ; is on her knees every day to pray Heaven
defend me from him.*Y. Bel.* You do not apprehend him so much as she does.*Har.* I never saw any thing in him that was frightful.*Y. Bel.* On the contrary, have you not observed some-
thing extremely delightful in his wit and person ?*Har.* He's agreeable and pleasant I must own, but he
does so much affect being so, he displeases me.*Y. Bel.* Lord, Madam, all he does and says is so easy,
and so natural.*Har.* Some men's verses seem so to the unskillful, but
labour i' the one, and affectation in the other, to the judi-
cious plainly appear.*Y. Bel.* I never heard him accus'd of affectation before.*Enter DORIMANT, and stares upon her.**Har.* It passes on the easy town, who are favourably
pleas'd in him to call it humour. *[Ex. Y. Bel. and Har.]**Der.* 'Tis she ; it must be she ! that lovely hair, that
easy

easy shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which Medley spoke of; I'll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with my friend Bellair. *[Exit Dor. repeating.]*

*In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
Then fly that wound, and they pursue that die.*

Enter Young BELLAIR and HARRIET, and after them DORIMANT standing at a distance.

Y. Bel. Most people prefer Highpark to this place.

Har. It has the better reputation I confess; but I abominate the dull diversions there, the formal bows, the affected smiles, the silly by-words, and amorous tweers in passing; here one meets with a little conversation now and then.

Y. Bel. These conversations have been fatal to some of your sex, Madam.

Har. It may be so; because some who want temper have been undone by gaming, must others who have it wholly deny themselves the pleasure of play?

Dor. Trust me, it were unreasonable, Madam.

[Coming up gently, and bowing to her.]

Har. Lord! who's this? *[She starts and looks grave.]*

Y. Bel. Dorimant.

Dor. Is this the woman your father would have you marry?

Y. Bel. It is.

Dor. Her name?

Y. Bel. Harriet.

Dor. I am not mistaken; she's handsome.

Y. Bel. Talk to her; her wit is better than her face; we were wishing for you but now.

Dor. Overcast with seriousness o' the sudden! *[To Har.]* A thousand smiles were shining in that face but now; I never saw so quick a change of weather.

Har. I feel as great a change within; but he shall never know it. *[Aside.]*

Dor. You were talking of play, Madam; pray what may be your stint?

Har. A little harmless discourse in public walks, or at most an appointment in a box bare-fac'd at the play-house:

house: you are for masks and private meetings, where women engage for all they are worth, I hear.

Dor. I have been us'd to deep play; but I can make one at small game, when I like my gamester well.

Har. And be so unconcern'd you'll ha' no pleasure in't.

Dor. Where there is a considerable sum to be won, the hope of drawing people in makes every trifle considerable.

Har. The sordidness of men's natures, I know, makes 'em willing to flatter and comply with the rich, though they are sure never to be the better for 'em.

Dor. 'Tis in their power to do us good, and we despair not but at some time or other they may be willing.

Har. To men who have far'd on this town like you, 'twould be a great mortification to live on hope; could you keep a lent for a mistress?

Dor. In expectation of a happy Easter, and though time be very precious, think forty days well lost to gain your favour.

Har. Mr Bellair, let us walk, 'tis time to leave him; men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. Y'are mistaken; flattery will ensue, though I know y'are greedy of the praises of the whole Mall.

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not; as I follow'd you, I observ'd how you were pleas'd when the fops cry'd, She's handsome; very handsome, by God she is, and whisper'd aloud your name: the thousand several forms you put your face into! then, to make yourself more agreeable, how wantonly you play'd with your head, flung back your locks, and look'd smilingly over your shoulder at 'em!

Har. I do not go begging the men's, as you do the ladies' good liking, with a sly softness in your looks, and a gentle slowness in your bows, as you pass by 'em; As thus, Sir——[*Acts him.*] Is not this like you?

Enter Lady Woodvil and Busy.

Y. Bel. Your mother, Madam.

[*Pulls Harriet. She composes herself.*]

La. Wood. Ah, my dear child, Harriet!

Busy. Now is she so pleas'd with finding her again, she cannot chide her.

La.

La. Wood. Come away.

Dor. 'Tis now but high Mall, Madam, the most entertaining time of all the evening.

Har. I would fain see that Dorimant, mother, you so cry out for a monster, he's in the Mall I hear.

La. Wood. Come away then; the plague is here, and you should dread the infection.

Y. Bel. You may be misinform'd of the gentleman.

La. Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him? he is the prince of all the devils in the town, delights in nothing but in rapes and riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him speak, Madam!

La. Wood. Oh he has a tongue, they say, would tempt the angels to a second fall.

Enter Sir FOPLING with his equipage, six footmen and a page.

Sir Fop. Hey, Champaine, Norman, La Rose, La Fleur, La Tour, La Verdue, Dorimant!—

La. Wood. Here, here he is among this rout, he names him; come away, Harriet, come away.

[Exit Lady Woodvil, Harriet, Busy, and Y. Bellair.]

Dor. this fool's coming has spoil'd all; she's gone, but she has left a pleasing image of herself behind, that wanders in my soul—It must not settle there.

Sir Fop. What reverie is this? speak, man.

Dor. Snatch'd from myself, how far behind

Already I behold the shore!

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. Dorimant, a discovery! I met with Bellair.

Dor. You can tell me no news, Sir, I know all.

Med. How do you like the daughter?

Dor. You never came so near truth in your life as you did in her description.

Med. What think you of the mother?

Dor. Whatever I think of her, she thinks very well of me, I find.

Med. Did she know you?

Dor. She did not, whether she does now or no. I know not. Here was a pleasant scene towards, when in came
Sir

Sir Fopling, mustering up his equipage, and at the latter end nam'd me, and frighten'd her away.

Med. Loveit and Belinda are not far off, I saw 'em alight at St James's.

Dor. Sir Fopling, hark you, a word or two. [*Whispers.*]
Look you do not want assurance.

Sir Fop. I never do on those occasions.

Dor. Walk on; we must not be seen together; make your advantage of what I have told you, the next turn you will meet the lady.

Sir Fop. Hey—Follow me all.

[*Ex. Sir Fopling and his equipage.*]

Dor. Medley, you shall see good sport anon between Loveit and this Fopling.

Med. I thought there was something toward by that whisper.

Dor. You know a worthy principle of hers?

Med. Not to be so much as civil to a man, who speaks to her in the presence of him she professes to love.

Dor. I have encourag'd Fopling to talk to her to-night.

Med. Now you are here, she will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the humour she's in, her love will make her do some very extravagant thing doubtless.

Med. What was Belinda's business with you at my Lady Townley's?

Dor. To get me to meet Loveit here in order to an eclairsissement; I made some difficulty of it, and have prepar'd this rencounter to make good my jealousy.

Med. Here they come!

Enter LOVEIT, BELINDA, and PERT.

Dor. I'll meet her, and provoke her with a deal of dumb civility in passing by; then turn short and be behind her, when Sir Fopling sets upon her——

See how unregarded now

That piece of beauty passes—— [*Ex. Dor. and Med.*]

Bel. How wonderful respectfully he bow'd!

Pert. He's always over mannerly when he has done a mischief.

Bel. Methoughts indeed at the same time he had a strange despising countenance.

Pert. The unlucky look he thinks becomes him.

Bel. I was afraid you would have spoke to him, my dear.

Mrs Love. I would have died first; he shall no more find me the loving fool he has done.

Bel. You love him still!

Mrs Love. No.

Pert. I wish you did not.

Mrs Love. I do not, and I will have you think so: what made you hale me to this odious place, Belinda?

Bel. I hate to be hulch'd up in a coach; walking is much better.

Mrs Love. Would we could meet Sir Fopling now.

Bel. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Mrs Love. I would make him all the advances that may be.

Bel. That would confirm Dorimant's suspicion, my dear.

Mrs Love. He is not jealous, but I will make him so, and be reveng'd a way he little thinks on.

Bel. aside. If she should make him jealous, that may make him fond of her again: I must dissuade her from it. Lord! my dear, this will certainly make him hate you.

Mrs Love. 'Twill make him uneasy, tho' he does not care for me; I know the effects of jealousy on men of his proud temper.

Bel. 'Tis a fantastic remedy, its operations are dangerous and uncertain.

Mrs Love. 'Tis the strongest cordial we can give to dying love, it often brings it back when there's no sign of life remaining: but I design not so much the reviving his as my revenge.

Enter Sir FOPLING and his equipage.

Sir Fop. Hey! bid the coachman send home four of his horses, and bring the coach to Whitehall; I'll walk over the Park.—Madam, the honour of kissing your fair hands is a happiness I miss'd this afternoon at my Lady Townley's.

Mrs Love. You were very obliging, Sir Fopling, the last time I saw you there.

Sir Fop. The preference was due to your wit and beauty, Madam. Your servant: there never was so sweet an evening.

E

Bel,

Bel.

Bel. It has drawn all the rabble of the town hither.

Sir Fop. 'Tis pity there's not an order made, that none but the beau monde should walk here.

Mrs Love. 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place: see what a sort of nasty fellows are coming.

*[Enter four ill fashion'd fellows singing,
'Tis not for kisses alone, &c.]*

Mrs Love. Fo! their periwigs are scented with tobacco so strong——

Sir Fop. It overcomes our pulvilio——Methinks I smell the coffeehouse they came from.

1 *Man.* Dorimant's convenient, Madam Loveit.

2 *Man.* I like the oylie buttock with her.

3 *Man.* What spruce prig is that?

1 *Man.* A caravan lately come from Paris.

2 *Man.* Peace, they smoke.

There's something else to be done, &c.

[All of them coughing. Ex. singing.]

Enter DORIMANT and MEDLEY.

Dor. They're engag'd.——

Med. She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward—seem earnest in discourse, and shew ourselves; then you shall see how she'll use him.

Bel. Yonder's Dorimant, my dear.

Mrs Love. I see him; he comes insulting; but I will disappoint him in his expectation. *[Aside to Sir Fop.]* I like this pretty nice humour of yours, Sir Fopling: with what a lothing eye he look'd upon those fellows!

Sir Fop. I sat near one of 'em at a play to-day, and was almost poison'd with a pair of cordivant gloves he wears.——

Mrs Love. Oh, filthy cordivant! how I hate the smell!
[Laughs in a loud affected way.]

Sir Fop. Did you observe, Madam, how their cravats hung loose an inch from their neck, and what a frightful air it gave 'em.

Mrs Love. Oh, I took particular notice of one that is always spruc'd up with a deal of dirty sky-colour'd rib-band.

Bel.

Bel. That's one of the walking fajalets who haunt the Mall o' nights——

Mrs Love. Oh, I remember him! h' has a hollow tooth, enough to spoil the sweetness of an evening.

Sir Fop. I have seen the tallest walk the streets with a dainty pair of boxes, neatly buckl'd on.

Mrs Love. And a little footboy at his heels pocket-high, with a flat cap——a dirty face——

Sir Fop. And a snotty nose.——

Mrs Love. Oh——odious! there's many of my own sex, with that Holborne equipage, trip to Gray's-Inn Walks; and now and then travel hither on a Sunday.

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a counterplot.

Mrs Love. Your liveries are the finest, Sir Fopling.—
Oh that page! that page is the prettily'st dress'd.—
They are all Frenchmen.

Sir Fop. There's one damn'd English blockhead among 'em, you may know him by his mein.

Mrs Love. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?

Sir Fop. Hey—I know not what to call him.——

Mrs Love. What's your name?

Foot. John Trott, Madam.

Sir Fop. O insufferable! Trott, Trott, Trott! There's nothing so barbarous as the names of our English servants. What countryman are you, firrah?

Foot. Hampshire, Sir.

Sir Fop. Then Hampshire be your name. Hey, Hampshire!

Mrs Love. O, that sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of quality!

Med. Dorimant, you look a little bashful on the matter.

Dor. She dissembles better than I thought she could have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a bait. She bites at the coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that!

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love——

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The fit has long been over ———

Med. But I have known men fall into dangerous relapses when they have found a woman inclining to another.

Dor. He guesses the secret of my heart. I am concern'd, but dare not shew it, lest Belinda should mistrust all I have done to gain her. [To himself.]

Bel. aside.] I have watch'd his look, and find no alteration there. Did he love her, some signs of jealousy would have appear'd.

Dor. I hope this happy evening, Madam, has reconcil'd you to the scandalous Mall; we shall have you now hankering here again. ———

Mrs Love. Sir Fopling, will you walk? ———

Sir Fop. I am all obedience, Madam ———

Mrs Love. Come along then — and let's agree to be malicious on all the ill-fashion'd things we meet.

Sir Fop. We'll make a critic on the whole Mall, Madam.

Mrs Love. Belinda, you shall engage ———

Bel. To the reserve of our friends, my dear.

Mrs Love. No, no exceptions ———

Sir Fop. We'll sacrifice all to our diversion ———

Mrs Love. All ——— all ———

Sir Fop. All.

Bel. All? Then let it be.

[Exeunt Sir Fop. Mrs Love. Bel. and Pert laughing.]

Med. Wou'd you had brought some more of your friends, Dorimant, to have been witnesses of Sir Fopling's disgrace and your triumph ———

Dor. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to laugh at me: but pray, do not expose me to the town this day or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your credit.

Dor. I know she hates Fopling, and only makes use of him, in hope to work me on again: had it not been for some powerful considerations, which will be remov'd to-morrow morning, I had made her pluck off this mask, and shew the passion that lies panting under.

Enter

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Med. Here comes a man from Bellair, with news of your last adventure.

Dor. I am glad he sent him. I long to know the consequence of our parting.

Foot. Sir, my master desires you to come to my Lady Townley's presently, and bring Mr Medley with you. My Lady Woodvil and her daughter are there.

Med. Then all's well, Dorimant—

Foot. They have sent for the fiddles, and mean to dance. He bid me tell you, Sir, the old Lady does not know you, and would have you own yourself to be Mr Courtage. They are all prepar'd to receive you by that name.

Dor. That foppish admirer of quality, who flatters the very meat at honourable tables, and never offers love to a woman below a lady-grandmother.

Med. You know the character you are to act, I see.

Dor. This is Harriet's contrivance—wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful, and young.—Come along, Medley.

Med. This new woman would well supply the loss of Loveit.

Dor. That business must not end so: before to-morrow's sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

And you and Loveit to her cost shall find,

I fathom all the depths of woma kind. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene opens with the fiddles playing a country-dance.

Enter DORIMANT, Lady WOODVIL, Young BELLAIR, and Mrs HARRIET, Old BELLAIR and EMILIA, Mr MEDLEY and Lady TOWNLEY; as having just ended the dance.

Old BELLAIR.

SO, so, so! a smart bout, a very smart bout, adod!
La. Town. How do you like Emilia's dancing brother?

Old Bel. Not at all, not at all.

La. Town. You speak not what you think, I am sure.

Old Bel. No matter for that; go, bid her dance no more: it don't become her, it don't become her; tell her I say so. Adod, I love her. [*Aside.*

Dor. All people mingle now-a-days, Madam; [*To La. Wood.*] and in public places women of quality have the least respect shew'd 'em.

La. Wood. I protest you say the truth, Mr Courtage.

Dor. Forms and ceremonies, the only things that uphold quality and greatness, are now shamefully laid aside and neglected.

La. Wood. Well, this is not the women's age, let 'em think what they will; lewdness is the business now, love was the business in my time.

Dor. The women indeed are little beholden to the young men of this age; they're generally only dull admirers of themselves, and make their court to nothing but their periwigs and their cravats, and would be more concern'd for the disordering 'em, though on a good occasion, than a young maid would be for the tumbling of her head or handkerchief.

La. Wood. I protest you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very assiduous to shew themselves at court well dress'd to the women of quality; but their business is with the stale mistresses of the town, who are prepar'd to receive their lazy addresses by industrious old lovers, who have cast 'em off, and made 'em easy.

Har. He fits my mother's humour so well; a little more, and she'll dance a kissing dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully observ'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great critics in beauty; by their talk you would think they lik'd no face, and yet can dote on an ill one, if it belong to a landress or a tailor's daughter: they cry a woman's past her prime at twenty, decay'd at four-and-twenty, old and unsufferable at thirty.

La. Wood. Unsufferable at thirty! That they are in the wrong, Mr Courtage, at five-and-thirty there are living proofs enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay, Madam, there's Mrs Setlooks, Mrs Drop-
lip,

lip, and my Lady Lowd; shew me among all our opening buds, a face that promises so much beauty as the remains of theirs.

La. Wood. The deprav'd appetite of this vicious age tastes nothing but green fruit, and loaths it when 'tis kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Else so many deserving women, Madam, would not be so untimely neglected.

La. Wood. I protest, Mr Courtage, a dozen such good men as you would be enough to atone for that wicked Dorimant, and all the under-debauchees of the town. What's the matter there?

[*Har. Emil. Y. Bel. La. Town. break out into a laughter.*]

Med. A pleasant mistake, Madam, that a lady has made, occasions a little laughter.

Old Bel. Come, come, you keep 'em idle; they are impatient till the fiddles play again.

Dor. You are not weary, Madam?

La. Wood. One dance more: I cannot refuse you; Mr Courtage. [They dance.]

Emi. You are very active, Sir.

[After the dance, *Old Bel. singing and dancing up to Emi.*]

Old Bel. Adod, firrah, when I was a young fellow I could ha' caper'd up to my woman's gorget.

Dor. You are willing to rest yourself, Madam——

La. Town. We'll walk into my chamber, and sit down.

Med. Leave us, Mr Courtage! He's a dancer, and the young ladies are not weary yet.

La. Wood. We'll send him out again.

Har. If you do not quickly, I know where to send for Mr Dorimant.

La. Wood. This girl's head, Mr Courtage, is ever running on that wild fellow.

Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good husband, Madam, that will settle it.

[*Exeunt La. Town. Wood. and Dor.*]

Old Bel. to Emi. Adod, sweetheart, be advis'd, and do not throw thyself away on a young idle fellow.

Emi. I have no such intention, Sir.

Old Bel. Have a little patience, thou shalt have the man

man I spake of. Adod, he loves thee, and will make a good husband: but no words——

Emi. But, Sir——

Old Bel. No answer——out a pize! Peace, and think on't.

Enter DORIMANT.

Dor. Your company is desir'd within, Sir.

Old Bel. I go, I go, good Mr Courtage.——Fare you well; go, I'll see you no more. [*To Emi.*

Emi. What have I done, Sir?

Old Bel. You are ugly, you are ugly: is she not, Mr Courtage?

Emi. Better words, or I shan't abide you.

Old Bel. Out a pize!——adod, what does she say? Hit her a pat for me there. [*Exit Old Bel.*

Med. You have charms for the whole family.

Dor. You'll spoil all with some unseasonable jest, Medley.

Med. You see I confine my tongue, and am content to be a bare spectator, much contrary to my nature.

Emi. Methinks, Mr Dorimant, my Lady Woodvil is a little fond of you.

Dor. Would her daughter were!

Med. It may be you may find her so; try her, you have an opportunity.

Dor. And I will not lose it: Bellair, here's a lady has something to say to you.

Y. Bel. I wait upon her. Mr Medley, we have both business with you.

Dor. Get you all together then. [*To Harriet.*] That demure curt'sy is not amiss in jest; but do not think in earnest it becomes you.

Har. Affectation is catching, I find; from your grave bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that scorn and coldness in your looks?

Har. From Nature, Sir; pardon my want of art: I have not learnt those softnesses and languishings, which now in faces are so much in fashion.

Dor. You need 'em not; you have a sweetness of your own, if you would but calm your frowns, and let it settle.

Har.

Har. My eyes are wild and wand'ring like my passions, and cannot yet be ty'd to rules of charming.

Dor. Women indeed have commonly a method of managing those messengers of love; now they will look as if they would kill, and anon they will look as if they were dying: they point and rebait their glances, the better to invite us.

Har. I like this variety well enough; but hate the set face that always looks as it would say, Come love me: a woman, who at plays makes the *doux yeux* to a whole audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em to her monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle smile, and let me see how well it will become you.

Har. I am sorry my face does not please you as it is; but I shall not be complaisant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obstinate, I know 'tis capable of improvement, and shall do you justice, Madam, if I chance to be at court, when the critics of the circle pass their judgment; for thither you must come.

Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my features examin'd, every motion censur'd, and, on the whole, be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a beauty of the lowest rate. What think you?

Dor. The women, nay, the very lovers who belong to the drawing-room, will maliciously allow you more than that; they always grant what is apparent, that they may the better be believ'd when they name conceal'd faults they cannot easily be disprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a risk, expos'd at court, as wit does on the stage, where the ugly and the foolish are all free to censure.

Dor. aside.] I love her, and dare not let her know it; I fear she's an ascendant o'er me, and may revenge the wrongs I have done her sex. Think of making a party, Madam, Love will engage. [To her.]

Har. You make me start. I did not think to have heard of love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a settled ague yet; but now and then have had irregular fits.

Har.

Har. Take heed; sickness after long health is commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the infection from her, and feel the disease now spreading in me—— [*Aside.*] Is the name of love so frightful, that you dare not stand it? [*To her.*]

Har. 'Twill do little execution out of your mouth on me, I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal——

Har. To some easy women; but we are not all born to one destiny: I was inform'd you use to laugh at love, and not make it.

Dor. The time has been; but now I must speak——

Har. If it be on that idle subject, I will put on my serious look, turn my head carelessly from you, drop my lip, let my eyelids fall, and hang half o'er my eyes——thus; while you buzz a speech of an hour long in my ear, and I answer never a word: why do you not begin?

Dor. That the company may take notice how passionately I make advances of love, and how disdainfully you receive 'em.

Har. When your love's grown strong enough to make you bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to trouble me with it. 'Till when, pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir FOPPING, and others, in masks.

Dor. What's here, masquerades?

Har. I thought that foppery had been left off, and people might have been in private with a fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foot still by some, who find themselves the more acceptable the less they are known.

Y. Bel. This must be Sir Fopling.

Med. That extraordinary habit shews it.

Y. Bel. What are the rest?

Med. A company of French rascals whom he pick'd up in Paris, and has brought over to be his dancing equipage on these occasions. Make him own himself; a fool is very troublesome when he presumes he is *incognito*.

Sir Fop. Do you know me?

[*To Har.*]

Har. Ten to one but I guess at you.

Sir

Sir Fop. Are you women as fond of a vizard, as we men are?

Har. I am very fond of a vizard that covers a face I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bel. Here are no masks you see, Sir, but those which came with you; this was intended a private meeting; but because you look like a gentleman, if you discover yourself, and we know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

Sir Fop. Dear Bellair! [Pulling of his mask.]

Med. Sir Fopling! how came you hither?

Sir Fop. Faith, I was coming late from Whitehall, after the King's *couchée*; one of my people told me he had heard fiddles at my Lady Townley's, and——

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir Fop. Dorimant, let me kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you, Sir Fopling? [Whispers.]

Sir Fop. Enough, enough, Courtage. A pretty kind of young woman that, Medley; I observ'd her in the Mall, more *veille* than our English women commonly are: prithee, what is she?

Med. The most noted coquette in town: beware of her.

Sir Fop. Let her be what she will, I know how to take my measures: In Paris the mode is, to flatter the prude, laugh at the *faux* prude, make serious love to the demi-prude, and only rally with the coquette. Medley, what think you.

Med. That for all this smattering of the mathematics, you may be out in your judgment at tennis.

Sir Fop. What a *coc à l'ane* is this? I talk of women, and thou answer'st tennis.

Med. Mistakes will be, for want of apprehension.

Sir Fop. I am very glad of the acquaintance I have with this family.

Med. My Lady truly is a good woman.

Sir Fop. Ah, Dorimant, Courtage I would say, wou'd thou had spent the last winter in Paris with me. When thou wert there, La Corneus and Sallyes were the only habitudes we had; a comedian would have been a *bonne* fortune.

fortune. No stranger ever pass'd his time so well as I did some months before I came over: I was well receiv'd in a dozen families, where all the women of quality us'd to visit: I have intrigues to tell thee, more pleasant than ever thou read'st in a novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us women; our language wants such little stories.

Sir Fop. Writing, Madam, is a mechanic part of wit: a gentleman should never go beyond a song or a billet.

Har. Buffie was a gentleman.

Sir Fop. Who, d'Ambois?

Med. Was there ever such a brisk blockhead?

Har. Not d'Ambois, Sir, but Rubutin. He who writ The loves of France.

Sir Fop. That may be, Madam; many gentlemen do things that are below 'em. Damn your authors, Court-age; women are the prettiest things we can fool away our time with.

Har. I hope you have wearied yourself to-night at court, Sir, and will not think of fooling with any body here.

Sir Fop. I cannot complain of my fortune there, Madam.—Dorimant—

Dor. Again!

Sir Fop. Courtage, a pox on't! I have something to tell thee: when I had made my court within, I came out, and flung myself upon the mat, under the state, i' th' outward room, i' th' midst of half a dozen beauties, who were withdrawn to jeer among themselves, as they called it.

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir Fop. Not one of 'em, by heav'ns! not I. But they were all your friends.

Dor. How are you sure of that?

Sir Fop. Why, we laugh'd at all the town, spar'd no body but yourself: they found me a man for their purpose.

Dor. I know you are malicious to your power.

Sir Fop. And faith, I had occasion to shew it, for I never saw more gaping fools at a ball, or on a birthday.

Dor. You learn'd who the women were?

Sir Fop. No matter; they frequent the drawing-room.

ACT IV. SIR FOPLING FLUTTER. 65

Dor. And entertain themselves pleasantly at the expense of all the fops who come there.

Sir Fop. That's their business; faith, I sifted 'em, and find they have a sort of wit among them.—A filthy—

[Pinches a tallow candle.

Dor. Look, he has been pinching the tallow candle.

Sir Fop. How can you breathe in a room where there's grease frying? Dorimant, thou art intimate with my Lady; advise her for her own sake, and the good company that comes hither, to burn wax lights.

Har. What are these masquerades who stand so obsequiously at a distance?

Sir Fop. A set of balladins, whom I pick'd out of the best in France, and brought over with a *flute-deux* or two; my servants; they shall entertain you.

Har. I had rather see you dance yourself, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. And I had rather do it—all the company knows it—but, Madam—

Med. Come, come, no excuses, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. By Heav'n's, Medley—

Med. Like a woman, I find, you must be struggl'd with before one brings you to what you desire.

Har. Can he dance?

[Aside.

Emi. And fence and sing too, if you will believe him.

Dor. He has no more excellence in his heels than in his head. He went to Paris a plain bashful English block-head, and is return'd a fine undertaking French fop.

Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir Fop. Do not think it want of complaisance, Madam.

Har. You are too well bred to want that, Sir Fopling. I believe it want of power.

Sir Fop. By Heav'n's, and so it is. I have sat up so damn'd late, and drunk so cursed hard since I came to this lewd town, that I am fit for nothing but low dancing now, a *corant*, a *boré*, or a *minuét*; but St Andre tells me, if I will but be regular, in one month I shall rise again. Pox on this debauchery.

[Endeavours at a caper.

Emi. I have heard your dancing much commended.

Sir Fop. It had the good fortune to please in Paris. I

F

was

was judg'd to rise within an inch as high as the *basque*, in an entry I danc'd there.

Har. I am mightily taken with this fool. Let us sit: here's a seat, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. At your feet, Madam; I can be no where so much at ease; by your leave, gown.

Har. and Emi. Ah! you'll spoil it.

Sir Fop. No matter, my clothes are my creatures. I make 'em to make my court to you ladies, hey—[*Dance*] *Qu'on commence.* To an English dancer English motions. I was forced to entertain this fellow, one of my set mis-carrying—Oh, horrid! leave your damn'd manner of dancing, and put on the French air; have you not a pattern before you?—pretty well! Imitation in time may bring him to something.

After the dance, enter Old BELLAIR, Lady WOODVIL, and Lady TOWNLEY.

Old Bel. Hey, adod! what have we here a-mumming?

La. Wood. Where's my daughter—Harriet?

Dor. Here, here, Madam. I know not but under these disguises there may be dangerous sparks; I gave the young lady warning.

La. Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr Courtage.

Har. Lord! how you admire this man!

La. Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a fop.

La. Wood. He's not a Dorimant, a wild extravagant fellow of the times.

Har. He's a man made up of forms and common places, suck'd out of the remaining lees of the last age.

La. Wood. He's so good a man, that were you not engaged—

La. Town. You'll have but little night to sleep in.

La. Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect day—

Dor. The hour is almost come, I appointed Belinda; and I am not so foppishly in love here to forget [*Aside.*] I am flesh and blood yet.

La. Town. I am very sensible, Madam.

La. Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look, in what a struggle is my poor mother yonder?

T. Bel. She has much ado to bring out the compliment.

Dor. She strains hard for it.

Har. See, see ! her head tottering, her eyes staring, and her under lip trembling——

Dor. Now, now she's in the very convulsions of her civility. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath ! I shall lose Belinda : I must fright her hence ! she'll be an hour in this fit of good manners else. [*To Lady Woodvil.*] Do you not know Sir Fopling, Madam ?

La. Wood. I have seen that face——Oh, Heav'n ! 'tis the same we met in the Mall ; how came he here ?

Dor. A fiddle in this town is a kind of a fopcall ; no sooner it strikes up, but the house is besieg'd with an army of masquerades straight.

La. Wood. Lord ! I tremble, Mr Courtage ; for certain Dorimant is in the company.

Dor. I cannot confidently say he is not, you had best be gone. I will wait upon you ; your daughter is in the hands of Mr Bellair.

La. Wood. I'll see her before me. Harriet, come away.

T. Bel. Lights ! Lights !

La. Town. Light down there.

Old Bel. Adod, it needs not——

Dor. Call my Lady Woodvil's coach to the door quickly.

Old Bel. Stay, Mr Medley, let the young fellows do that duty ; we will drink a glass of wine together. 'Tis good after dancing. What mumming spark is that ?

Med. He is not to be comprehended in few words.

Sir Fop. Hey ! La Tower.

Med. Whither away, Sir Fopling ?

Sir Fop. I have bus'ness with Courtage——

Med. He'll but put the ladies into their coach, and come up again.

Old Bel. In the mean time I'll call for a bottle.

[*Ex. Old Bellair.*]

Enter Young BELLAIR.

Med. Where's Dorimant ?

T. Bel. Stol'n home ; he has had business waiting for him there all this night, I believe, by an impatience I observed in him.

Med. Very likely : 'tis but dissembling drunkenness,
F 2 railing

railing at his friends, and the kind soul will embrace the blessing, and forget the tedious expectation.

Sir Fop. I must speak with him before I sleep.

Y. Bel. Emilia and I are resolv'd on that business.

Med. Peace, here's your father.

Enter Old BELLAIR, and butler, with a bottle of wine.

Old Bel. The women are all gone to bed. Fill, Boy; Mr Medley, begin a health.

Med. To Emilia.

[*Whispers.*

O. Bel. Out a pize! she's a rogue, and I'll not pledge you.

Med. I know you will.

Old Bel. Adod, drink it then.

Sir Fop. Let us have the new bachique.

Old Bel. Adod, that's a hard word; what does it mean, Sir?

Med. A catch, or drinking song.

Old Bel. Let us have it then.

Sir Fop. Fill the glasses round, and draw up in a body.
Hey! Music! *They sing.*

*The pleasures of love, and the joys of good wine,
To perfect our happiness wisely we join.*

We to beauty all day

Give the sovereign sway,

And her favourite nymphs devoutly obey.

At the plays we are constantly making our court,

And when they are ended we follow the sport,

To the Mall and the Park,

Where we love till 'tis dark;

Then sparkling Champaign

Puts an end to their reign;

It quickly recovers

Poor languishing lovers,

Makes us frolic and gay, and drowns all our sorrow,

But, alas! we relapse again on the morrow.

Let ev'ry man stand

With his glass in his hand,

And briskly discharge at the word of command.

Here's a health to all those

Whom to night we depose,

Wine and beauty by turns great souls should inspire,

Present all together, and now, boys, give fire—

Old Bel.

ACT IV. Sir FOPLING FLUTTER. 49

Old Bel. Adod, a pretty bus'ness, and very merry.

Sir Fop. Hark you, Medley, let you and I take the fiddles, and go waken Dorimant.

Med. We shall do him a courtesy, if it be as I guess. For after the fatigue of this night, he'll quickly have his belly full, and be glad of an occasion to cry, Take away, Handy.

Y. Bel. I'll go with you, and there we'll consult about affairs, Medley.

Old Bel. *looks on his watch.* Adod, 'tis six o'clock.

Sir Fop. Let's away then.

Old Bel. Mr Medley, my sister tells me you are an honest man, and adod I love you. Few words and hearty, that's the way with old Harry, old Harry.

Sir Fop. Light your flambeaux. Hey.

Old Bel. What does the man mean?

Med. 'Tis day, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. No matter. Our serenade will look the greater. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Dorimant's Lodging, a table, a candle, a toilet, &c.
Handy tying up linen.

Enter DORIMANT in his gown, and BELINDA.

Dor. Why will you be gone so soon?

Bel. Why did you stay out so late?

Dor. Call a chair, Handy. What makes you tremble so?

Bel. I have a thousand fears about me: have I not been seen, think you?

Dor. By nobody but myself and trusty Handy.

Bel. Where are all your people?

Dor. I have dispers'd them on sleeveless errands. What does that sigh mean?

Bel. Can you be so unkind to ask me?—Well—[Sighs.] Were it to do again——

Dor. We should do it, should we not?

Bel. I think we should; the wickedest man you do make me love so well—Will you be discreet now?

Dor. I will——

Bel. I cannot believe it.

Dor. Never doubt it.

Bel. I will not expect it.

Dor. You do me wrong.

Bel. You have no more power to keep the secret, than I had not to trust you with it.

Dor. By all the joys I have had, and those you keep in store——

Bel. You'll do for my sake what you never did before——

Dor. By that truth thou hast spoken, a wife shall sooner betray herself to her husband——

Bel. Yet I had rather you should be false in this, than in another thing you promis'd me.

Dor. What's that?

Bel. That you would never see Loveit more but in public places, in the Park, at court and plays.

Dor. 'Tis not likely a man should be fond of seeing a damn'd old play, when there's a new one acted.

Bel. I dare not trust your promise.

Dor. You may——

Bel. This does not satisfy me. You shall swear you never will see her more.

Dor. I will! a thousand oaths—By all——

Bel. Hold—You shall not, now I think on't better.

Dor. I will swear.

Bel. I shall grow jealous of the oath, and think I owe your truth to that, not to your love.

Dor. Then, by my love, no other oath I'll swear.

Enter HANDY.

Han. Here's a chair.

Bel. Let me go.

Dor. I cannot.

Bel. Too willingly, I fear.

Dor. Too unkindly fear'd. When will you promise me again?

Bel. Not this fortnight.

Dor. You will be better than your word.

Bel. I think I shall. Will it not make you love me less? [*Starting.*] Hark! what fiddles are these?

[*Fiddles without.*]

Dor. Look out, Handy. [*Exit Handy, and returns.*]

Han.

ACT IV. SIR FOPLING FLUTTER. 71

Han. Mr Medley, Mr Bellair, and Sir Fopling; they are coming up.

Dor. How got they in?

Han. The door was open for the chair.

Bel. Lord! let me fly——

Dor. Here, here, down the back stairs. I'll see you into your chair.

Bel. No, no, stay and receive 'em, and be sure you keep your word, and never see Loveit more. Let it be a proof of your kindness.

Dor. It shall—Handy, direct her. Everlasting love go along with thee. [*Kissing her hand.* *Ex. Bel. and Han.*

Enter Young BELLAIR, MEDLEY, and Sir FOPLING,

Y. Bel. Not a-bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular fit, Dorimant.

Dor. I have.

Y. Bel. And is it off already?

Dor. Nature has done her part, Gentlemen: when she falls kindly to work, great cures are effected in little time, you know.

Sir Fop. We thought there was a wench in the case by the chair that waited. Pr'ythee, make us a confidence.

Dor. Excuse me.

Sir Fop. Lè sàgè, Dorimant—Was she pretty?

Dor. So pretty she may come to keep her coach, and pay parish duties, if the good humour of the age continue.

Med. And be of the number of the ladies kept by public spirited men, for the good of the whole town.

Sir Fop. Well said, Medley.

[*Sir Fopling dancing by himself.*

Y. Bel. See, Sir Fopling dancing.

Dor. You are practising, and have a mind to recover, I see.

Sir Fop. Pr'ythee, Dorimant, why hast not thou a glass hung up here? a room is the dullest thing without one.

Y. Bel. Here is company to entertain you.

Sir Fop. But I mean in case of being alone. In a glass a man may entertain himself——

Dor. The shadow of himself indeed.

Sir Fop!

Sir Fop. Correct the errors of his motions and his dress.

Med. I find, Sir Fopling, in your solitude you remember the saying of the wise man, and study yourself.

Sir Fop. 'Tis the best diversion in our retirements. Dorimant, thou art a pretty fellow, and wear'st thy clothes well, but I never saw thee have a handsome cravat. Were they made up like mine, they'd give another air to thy face. Pr'ythee let me send my man to dress thee but one day. By heav'ns, an Englishman cannot tie a ribband.

Dor. They are something clumsy-fisted —

Sir Fop. I have brought over the prettiest fellow that ever spread a toilet; he served some time under Merille, the greatest genie in the world for a valet-de-chambre.

Dor. What, he who formerly belong'd to the Duke of Candale?

Sir Fop. The same, and got him his immortal reputation.

Dor. Y'ave a very fine Brandenburgh on, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. It serves to wrap me up, after the fatigue of a ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your periwig ty'd up.

Sir Fop. We should not always be in a set dress, 'tis more en cavalier to appear now and then in a dishabillée.

Med. Pray how goes your business with Loveit?

Sir Fop. You might have answer'd yourself in the Mall last night. Dorimant! did you not see the advances she made me? I have been endeavouring at a song.

Dor. Already?

Sir Fop. 'Tis my *coup d' essay* in English; I would fain have thy opinion of it.

Dor. Let's see it.

Sir Fop. Hey, page, give me my song—Bellair, here, thou hast a pretty voice, sing it.

Y. Bel. Sing it yourself, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Excuse me.

Y. Bel. You learnt to sing in Paris.

Sir Fop. I did, of Lambert the greatest master in the world; but I have his own fault, a weak voice, and care not to sing out of a ruel.

Dor. A ruel is a pretty cage for a singing fop, indeed.
Young

Young BELLAIR reads the song.
*How charming Phillis is! how fair!
 Ah! that she were as willing,
 To ease my wounded heart of care,
 And make her eyes less killing.
 I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,
 And love will not let me rest,
 I drive about the Park, and bow
 Still as I meet my dearest.*

Sir Fop. Sing it, sing it, man, it goes to a pretty new tune, which I am confident was made by Baptist.

Med. Sing it yourself, Sir Fopling, he does not know the tune.

Sir Fop. I'll venture. [*Sir Fopling sings.*

Dor. Ay marry, now 'tis something. I shall not flatter you, Sir Fopling, there is not much thought in't, but 'tis passionate, and well turn'd.

Med. After the French way.

Sir Fop. That I aim'd at—does it not give you a lively image of the thing! Slap down goes the glass, and thus we are at it.

Dor. It does indeed; I perceive, Sir Fopling, you'll be the very head of the sparks who are lucky in compositions of this nature.

Enter Sir Fopling's FOOTMAN.

Sir Fop. La Tower, is the bath ready?

Foot. Yes, Sir.

Sir Fop. Adieu don, mes cheres. [*Ex. Sir Fopling.*

Med. When have you your revenge on Loveit, Dorimant?

Dor. I will but change my linen, and about it.

Med. The powerful considerations which hinder'd have been remov'd then.

Dor. Most luckily this morning; you must along with me; my reputation lies at stake there.

Med. I am engaged to Bellair.

Dor. What's your business?

Med. Ma-tri-mony, an't like you.

Dor. It does not, Sir.

Y. Bel. It may in time, Dorimant: what think you of Mrs Harriet?

Dor.

Dor. What does she think of me?

Y. Bel. I am confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

Y. Bel. Why, she's never well but when she's talking of you, but then she finds all the faults in you she can. She laughs at all who commend you, but then she speaks ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her temper betray themselves by their over cunning. I had once a growing love with a lady, who would always quarrel with me when I came to see her, and yet was never quiet if I stay'd a day from her.

Y. Bel. My father is in love with Emilia.

Dor. That is a good warrant for your proceedings. Go on and prosper, I must to Loveit. Medley, I am sorry you can't be a witness.

Med. Make her meet Sir Fopling again in the same place, and use him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about, I think. I'll be at your aunt's anon, and give you joy, Mr Bellair.

Y. Bel. You had not best think of Mrs Harriet too much, without church security there's no taking up there.

Dor. I may fall into the snare too. But—

The wife will find a difference in our fate;

You wed a woman, I a good estate. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter the chair with BELINDA, the men set it down and open it. Belinda starting.

Bel. surpris'd.] Lord! where am I? in the Mall! whither have you brought me?

1 Chairm. You gave us no directions, Madam.

Bel. The fright I was in made me forget it. [Aside.

1 Chairm. We use to carry a lady from the squire's hither.

Bel. This is Loveit, I am undone if she sees me, [Aside. Quickly carry me away.

1 Chairm. Whither, an't like your honour?

Bel. Ask no questions.—

Enter Loveit's FOOTMAN.

Foot. Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

Bel.

Bel. I am just come to wait upon her.——

Foot. She will be glad to see you, Madam. She sent me to you this morning to desire your company, and I was told you went out by five o'clock.

Bel. More and more unlucky ! *[Aside.*

Foot. Will you walk in, Madam ?

Bel. I'll discharge my chair and follow. *[Ex. Footman.*
Tell your mistress I am here. *[Gives the Chairmen money.]*
Take this, and if ever you should be examin'd, be sure you say, you took me up in the Strand over-against the Exchange, as you will answer it to Mr Dorimant.

Chairmen. We will, an't like your honour. *[Ex. Chair.*

Bel. Now to come off, I must on——

In confidence and lies some hope is left ;

'Twere hard to be found out in the first theft. *[Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs LOVEIT and PERT her woman.

PERT

WELL! in my eyes Sir Fopling is no such despicable person.

Mrs Love. You are an excellent judge.

Pert. He's as handsome a man as Mr Dorimant, and as great a gallant.

Mrs Love. Intolerable ! Is't not enough I submit to his impertinencies, but I must be plagu'd with yours too ?

Pert. Indeed, Madam——

Mrs Love. 'Tis false, mercenary malice——

Enter her FOOTMAN.

Foot. Mrs Belinda, Madam——

Mrs Love. What of her ?

Foot. She's below.

Mrs Love. How came she ?

Foot. In a chair, ambling Harry brought her.

Mrs Love. He bring her ! his chair stands near Dorimant's door, and always brings me from thence——run and ask him where he took her up ; go. There is no truth in friendship neither. Women as well as men, all are false, or all are so to me at least.

Pert. You are jealous of her too ?

Mrs Love.

Mrs Love. You had best tell her I am. 'Twill become the liberty you take of late. This fellow's bringing of her, her going out by five o'clock—I know not what to think.

Enter BELINDA.

Belinda, you are grown an early riser, I hear.

Bel. Do you not wonder, my dear, what made me abroad so soon?

Mrs Love. You do not use to be so.

Bel. The country gentlewomen I told you of, (Lord! they have the oddest diversions!) would never let me rest 'till I promis'd to go with them to the market, this morning, to eat fruit and buy nosegays.

Mrs Love. Are they so fond of a filthy nosegay?

Bel. They complain of the stinks of the town, and are never well but when they have their noses in one.

Mrs Love. There are essences and sweet waters.

Bel. O they cry out upon perfumes, they are unwholesome; one of 'em was falling into a fit with the smell of these Nardii.

Mrs Love. Methinks in complaisance you should have had a nosegay too.

Bel. Do you think, my dear, I could be so loathsome to trick myself up with carnations and stock-gillyflowers? I begg'd their pardon, and told them I never wore any thing but orange-flowers and tuberose. That which made me willing to go was a strange desire I had to eat some fresh Nectarines.

Mrs Love. And had you any?

Bel. The best I ever tasted.

Mrs Love. Whence came you now?

Bel. From their lodgings, where I crowded out of a coach, and took a chair to come and see you, my dear.

Mrs Love. Whither did you send for that chair?

Bel. 'Twas going by empty.

Mrs Love. Where do these country gentlewomen lodge, I pray?

Bel. In the Strand, over-against the Exchange.

Pert. That place is never without a nest of 'em; they are always as one goes by fleering in balconies, or staring out of windows.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Mrs Love. to the Footm.] Come hither. [*Whispers.*

Bel. aside.] This fellow, by her order, has been questioning the chairmen; I threaten'd 'em with the name of Dorimant; if they should have told truth I am lost for ever.

Mrs Love. In the Strand, said you?

Footm. Yes, Madam, over-against the Exchange.

[*Exit Footman.*

Mrs Love. She's innocent, and I am much to blame.

Bel. aside.] I am so frighted my countenance will betray me.

Mrs Love. Belinda! what makes you look so pale?

Bel. Want of my usual rest, and jolting up and down so long in an odious hackney.

[*Footm. returns.*

Footm. Madam! Mr Dorimant!

Mrs Love. What makes him here?

Bel. aside.] Then I'm betray'd indeed; h'as broke his word, and I love a man that does not care for me.

Mrs Love. Lord! you faint, Belinda.

Bel. I think I shall. Such an oppression here on the sudden!

Pert. She has eaten too much fruit, I warrant you.

Mrs Love. Not unlikely.

Pert. 'Tis that lies heavy on her stomach.

Mrs Love. Have her into my chamber; give her some surfeit water, and let her lie down a little.

Pert. Come, Madam; I was a strange devourer of fruit when I was so young, so ravenous—

[*Exit Belinda, and Pert leading her off.*

Mrs Love. Oh that my love would be but calm a while! that I might receive this man with all the scorn and indignation he deserves.

Enter DORIMANT.

Dor. Now for a touch of Sir Fopling to begin with—
Hey—Page—Give positive order that none of my people stir.—Let the canaille wait as they should do—since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms,

I, that I may successful prove,

Transform myself to what you love.

G

Mrs Love.

Mrs Love. If that would do, you need not change from what you are; you can be vain and loud enough.

Dor. But not with so good a grace as Sir Fopling. Hey, Hampshire—Oh—that sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of quality.

Mrs Love. Is there a thing so hateful as a senseless mimic?

Dor. He's a great grievance indeed, to all who, like yourself, Madam, love to play the fool in quiet.

Mrs Love. A ridiculous animal, who has more of the ape than the ape has of the man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an opinion of a sheer mimic as yourself: yet were he all ape, I should prefer him to the gay, the giddy, brisk, insipid, noisy fool you doat on.

Mrs Love. Those noisy fools, however you despise 'em, have good qualities, which weigh more (or ought at least) with us women, than all the pernicious wit you have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their merit, pray do me the favour to name 'em.

Mrs Love. You'll despise 'em as the dull effects of ignorance and vanity, yet I care not if I mention some. First, they really admire us, while you at best but flatter us well.

Dor. Take heed; fools can dissemble too——

Mrs Love. They may, but not so artificially as you—There is no fear they should deceive us: then they are assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their service, and always waiting on our will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive idleness; they know not how to entertain themselves at home, and find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to fly to you who countenance 'em, as a refuge against the solitude they would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Mrs Love. Their conversation too diverts us better.

Dor. Playing with your fan, smelling to your gloves, commending your hair, and taking notice how 'tis cut, and shaded after the new way——

Mrs Love. Were it sillier than you can make it, you must allow 'tis pleasanter to laugh at others than to be laugh'd at ourselves, tho' never so wittily. Then tho' they

they want skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves so well, they save us the labour; we need not take that care and pains to satisfy 'em of our love, which we so often lose on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of themselves, and always better of you than you deserve.

Mrs Love. You are in the right; they have an implicit faith in us, which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into our secrets, and saves us the vexatious trouble of clearing doubts, which your subtle and causeless jealousies every moment raise.

Dor. There is an inbred falsehood in women which inclines 'em still to them whom they may most easily deceive.

Mrs Love. The man who loves above his quality, does not suffer more from the insolent impertinence of his mistress, than the woman who loves above her understanding, does from the arrogant presumptions of her friend.

Dor. You mistake the use of fools; they are design'd for properties and not for friends. You have an indifferent stock of reputation left you. Lose it all like a frank gamester on the square, 'twill then be time enough to turn rook, and cheat it up again on a good substantial bubble.

Mrs Love. The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for properties indeed, but young and handsome fools have met with kinder fortunes.

Dor. They have, to the shame of your sex be it spoken; 'twas this, the thought of this, made me, by a timely jealousy, endeavour to prevent the good fortune you are providing for Sir Fopling——But against a woman's frailty all our care is vain.

Mrs Love. Had I not with a dear experience bought the knowledge of your falsehood, you might have fool'd me yet. This is not the first jealousy you have feign'd to make a quarrel with me, and get a week to throw away on some unknown inconsiderable slut, as you have been lately lurking with at plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a man, never want the address to turn the fault on him.

Mrs Love. You take a pride of late in using of me ill, that the town may know the power you have over me;

which now (as unreasonable as yourself) expects that I (do me all the injuries you can) must love you still.

Dor. I am so far from expecting that you should, I begin to think you never did love me.

Mrs Love. Would the memory of it were so wholly worn out in me that I did doubt it too! What made you come to disturb my growing quiet?

Dor. To give you joy of your growing infamy.

Mrs Love. Insupportable! insulting devil! this from you the only author of my shame! This from another had been but justice, but from you 'tis a hellish and inhuman outrage! What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my scorn, and makes my anger as ridiculous as you have made my love.

Mrs Love. I walk'd last night with Sir Fopling.

Dor. You did, Madam, and you talked and laugh'd aloud, Ha, ha, ha!—Oh that laugh, that laugh becomes the confidence of a woman of quality.

Mrs Love. You, who have more pleasure in the ruin of a woman's reputation, than in the endearments of her love, reproach me not with yourself, and I defy you to name the man can lay a blemish on my fame.

Dor. To be seen publicly so transported with the vain follies of that notorious fop, to me is an infamy below the sin of prostitution with another man.

Mrs Love. Rail on; I am satisfied in the justice of what I did; you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the effect of a passion, whose extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Mrs Love. And what I did was the effect of a passion you may forgive, if you think fit.

Dor. Are you so indifferent grown?

Mrs Love. I am.

Dor. Nay, then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back your letters you have so often asked for. I have two or three of them about me.

Mrs Love. Give 'em me.

Dor. You snatch as if you thought I would not—There—And may the perjuries in 'em be mine if e'er I see you more.

Mrs Love. Stay!

[Offers to go, she catches him.

Dor.

Dor. I will not.

Mrs Love. You shall.

Dor. What have you to say?

Mrs Love. I cannot speak it yet.

Dor. Something more in commendation of the fool.
Death! I want patience; let me go.

Mrs Love. I cannot. I can sooner part with the limbs that hold him. [*Afide.*] I hate that nauseous fool, you know I do.

Dor. Was it the scandal you were fond of then?

Mrs Love. Y^had rais'd my anger equal to my love, a thing you ne'er could do before; and in revenge I did—I know not what I did.—Wou'd you would not think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I should be daily minded of it; 'twill be a common-place for all the town to laugh at me; and Medley, when he's rhetorically drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my ears.

Mrs Love. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous spite. Come, forget it.

Dor. Let me consult my reputation; you are too careless of it. [*Pauses.*] You shall meet Sir Fopling in the Mall again to-night.

Mrs Love. What mean you?

Dor. I have thought on't, and you must; 'tis necessary to justify my love to the world. You can handle a coxcomb as he deserves, when you are not out of humour, Madam.

Mrs Love. Public satisfaction for the wrong I have done you? This is some new device to make me more ridiculous:

Dor. Hear me.

Mrs Love. I will not.

Dor. You will be persuaded.

Mrs Love. Never.

Dor. Are you so obstinate?

Mrs Love. Are you so base?

Dor. You will not satisfy my love?

Mrs Love. I would die to satisfy that; but I will not, to save you from a thousand racks, do a shameless thing to please your vanity.

Dor. Farewell, false woman !

Mrs Love. Do, go !

Dor. You will call me back again.

Mrs Love. Exquisite fiend ! I know you came but to torment me.

Enter BELINDA and PERT.

Dor. surpris'd.] Belinda here !

Bel. aside.] He starts and looks pale ! the sight of me has touch'd his guilty soul.

Pert. 'Twas but a qualm, as I said, a little indigestion ; the surfeit-water did it, Madam, mix'd with a little *mirabilis*.

Dor. I am confounded, and cannot guess how she came hither !

Mrs Love. 'Tis your fortune, Belinda, ever to be here when I am abus'd by this prodigy of ill nature.

Bel. I am amaz'd to find him here ! how has he the face to come near you ?

Dor. aside.] Here is fine work towards ! I never was at such a loss before.

Bel. One who makes a public profession of breach of faith and ingratitude ! I loath the sight of him.

Dor. There is no remedy ; I must submit to their tongues now, and some other time bring myself off as well as I can.

Bel. Other men are wicked ; but then they have some sense of shame : he is never well but when he triumphs, nay, glories to a woman's face in his villanies.

Mrs Love. You are in the right, Belinda ; but methinks your kindness for me makes you concern yourself too much with him.

Bel. It does indeed, my dear ; his barbarous carriage to you yesterday made me hope you ne'er would see him more, and the very next day to find him here again, provokes me strangely : but, because I know you love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproach'd me handsomely, and I deserve it for coming hither ; but——

Pert. You must expect it, Sir ; all women will hate you for my Lady's sake.

Dor. Nay, if she begins too, 'tis time to fly ; I shall be

be scolded to death else. [*Afide to Belinda.*] I am to blame in some circumstances, I confess; but as to the main, I am not so guilty as you imagine. I shall seek a more convenient time to clear myself.

Mrs Love. Do it now! what impediments are here?

Dor. I want time, and you want temper.

Mrs Love. These are weak pretences!

Dor. You were never more mistaken in your life. And so farewell. [*Dorimant flings off.*]

Mrs Love. Call a footman, Pert, quickly; I will have him dogg'd.

Pert. I wish you would not, for my quiet and your own. [*Exit Pert.*]

Mrs Love. I'll find out the infamous cause of all our quarrels, pluck her mask off, and expose her barefac'd to the world.

Bel. Let me but escape this time, I'll never venture more. [*Afide.*]

Mrs Love. Belinda! you shall go with me.

Bel. I have such a heaviness hangs on me with what I did this morning, I would fain go home and sleep, my dear.

Mrs Love. Death and eternal darkness! I shall never sleep again. Raging fevers seize the world; and make mankind as restless all as I am! [*Exit Loveit.*]

Bel. I knew him false, and help'd to make him so: was not her ruin enough to fright me from the danger? It should have been; but love can take no warning.

[*Exit Belinda.*]

S C E N E II.

Lady Townley's House.

Enter MEDLEY, Young BELLAIR, Lady TOWNLEY, EMILIA, and CHAPLAIN.

Med. Bear up, Bellair, and do not let us see that repentance in thine, we daily do in marry'd faces.

La. Town. This wedding will strangely surprise my brother when he knows it.

Med. Your nephew ought to conceal it for a time, Madam, since marriage has lost its good name; prudent men

men seldom expose their own reputations, till 'tis convenient to justify their wives'.

Old Bel. without.] Where are you all there? out adod, will no body hear?

La. Town. My brother! quickly, Mr Smirk, into this closet; you must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the closet.*]

Enter Old BELLAIR and Lady Townley's page.

Old Bel. Desire Mr Furb to walk into the lower parlour, I will be with him presently—Where have you been, Sir, you could not wait on me to-day? [*To Y. Bellair.*]

Y. Bell. About a business.

Old Bel. Are you so good at business? adod I have a business too you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir: send for a parson, sister: my Lady Woodvil and her daughter are coming.

La. Town. What need you huddle up things thus?

Old Bel. Out a pize; youth is apt to play the fool, and 'tis not good it should be in their power.

La. Town. You need not fear your son.

Old Bel. H'has been idling this morning: and adod I do not like him. How dost thou do, Sweetheart?

[*To Emilia.*]

Emi. You are very severe, Sir; married in such haste!

Old Bel. Go to, thou'rt a rogue, and I will talk with thee anon. Here's my Lady Woodvil come.

Enter Lady WOODVIL, HARRIET, and BUSY.

Welcome, Madam, Mr Furb's below with the writings.

La. Wood. Let us down, and make an end then.

Old Bel. Sister, shew the way. [*To Y. Bellair, who is talking to Harriet.*] Harry, your business lies not there yet; excuse him till we have done, Lady, and then adod he shall be for thee. Mr Medley, we must trouble you to be a witness.

Med. I luckily came for that purpose, Sir.

[*Ex Old Bel. Med. Y. Bell. La. Town. and La. Wood.*]

Busy. What will you do, Madam?

Har. Be carried back, and mew'd up in the country again; run away here; any thing rather than be marry'd to a man I do not care for—dear Emilia, do thou advise me.

Emi. Mr Bellair is engag'd, you know.

Har. I do; but know not what the fear of losing an estate may fright him to.

Emi. In the desperate condition you are in, you should consult with some judicious man: what think you of Mr Dorimant?

Har. I do not think of him at all.

Busy. She thinks of nothing else, I'm sure——

Emi. How fond your mother was of Mr Courtage!

Har. Because I contriv'd the mistake to make a little mirth, you believe I like the man.

Emi. Mr Bellair believes you love him.

Har. Men are seldom in the right when they guess at a woman's mind: wou'd she whom he loves lov'd him no better.

Busy. aside.] That's e'en well enough on all conscience.

Emi. Mr Dorimant has a great deal of wit.

Har. And takes a great deal of pains to shew it.

Emi. He's extremely well fashion'd.

Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculously wild and apish.

Busy. You defend him still against your mother.

Har. I would not, were he justly rallied; but I cannot hear any one undeservedly rail'd at.

Emi. Has your woman learnt the song you were so taken with?

Har. I was fond of a new thing; 'tis dull at second hearing.

Emi. Mr Dorimant made it.

Busy. She knows it, Madam, and has made me sing it at least a dozen times this morning.

Har. Thy tongue is as impertinent as thy fingers.

Emi. You have provok'd her.

Busy. 'Tis but singing the song, and I shall appease her.

Emi. Pr'ythee do.

Har. She has a voice will grate your ears worse than a catcall, and dresses so ill she's scarce fit to trick up a yeoman's daughter on a holiday.

[*Busy sings.*]

SONG

SONG by Sir C. S.

*As Amoret with Phillis sat
 One evening on the plain,
 And saw the charming Strephon wait
 To tell the nymph his pain;
 The threat'ning danger to remove
 She whisper'd in her ear,
 Ah, Phillis, if you would not love,
 This shepherd do not bear.
 None ever had so strange an art,
 His passion to convey
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
 And steal her soul away.
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
 Occasion for your fate.
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
 Alas! 'tis now too late.*

Enter DORIMANT.

Dor. Music so softens and disarms the mind,

Har. That not one arrow does resistance find.

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky minute then.

*Har. aside, turning from Dorimant.] My love springs
 with my blood into my face, I dare not look upon him yet.*

*Dor. What have we here? the picture of a celebrated
 beauty, giving audience in public to a declar'd lover.*

Har. Play the dying fop, and make the piece complete, Sir.

*Dor. What think you if the hint were well improv'd?
 the whole mystery of making love pleasantly design'd,
 and wrought in a suit of hangings?*

*Har. 'Twere needless to execute fools in effigy, who
 suffer daily in their own persons.*

*Dor. aside to Emi.] Mrs Bride, for such I know this
 happy day has made you——*

*Emi. Defer the formal joy you are to give me, and
 mind your business with her.——[Aloud.] Here are
 dreadful preparations, Mr Dorimant, writings sealing,
 and a parson sent for——*

Dor. To marry this lady?——

Busy.

Busy. Condemn'd she is, and what will become of her I know not, without you generously engage in a rescue.

Dor. In this sad condition, Madam, I can do no less than offer you my service.

Har. The obligation is not great; you are the common sanctuary for all young women who run from their relations.

Dor. I have always my arms open to receive the distressed: but I will open my heart and receive you, where none yet did ever enter——You have fill'd it with a secret, might I but let you know it——

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have me believe it; your tongue is so fam'd for falsehood, 'twill do the truth an injury. *[Turns away her head.]*

Dor. Turn not away then; but look on me and guess it.

Har. Did you not tell me there was no credit to be given to faces? that women now-a-days have their passions as much at will as they have their complexions, and put on joy and sadness, scorn and kindness, with the same ease they do their paint and patches?——Are they the only counterfeits?

Dor. You wrong your own, while you suspect my eyes: by all the hopes I have in you, the inimitable colour in your cheeks is not more free from art, than are the sighs I offer.

Har. In men who have been long harden'd in sin, we have reason to mistrust the first signs of repentance.

Dor. The prospect of such a heaven will make me persevere, and give you marks that are infallible.

Har. What are those?

Dor. I will renounce all the joys I have in friendship and in wine, sacrifice to you all the interest I have in other women——

Har. Hold——though I wish you devout, I would not have you turn fanatic——Could you neglect these a while, and make a journey into the country?

Dor. To be with you I could live there, and never send one thought to London.

Har. Whate'er you say, I know all beyond High-park's

park's a desert to you; and that no gallantry can draw you farther.

Dor. That has been the utmost limit of my love—but now my passion knows no bounds, and there's no measure to be taken of what I'll do for you from any thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in Hampshire, I shall begin to think there may be some truth enlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all?—Will you not promise me?—

Har. I hate to promise; what we do then is expected from us, and wants much of the welcome it finds when it surprises.

Dor. May I not hope?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me; and 'tis to no purpose to forbid it. [Turns to Busy.

Busy. Faith, Madam, now I perceive the gentleman loves you too, e'en let him know your mind, and torment yourselves no longer.

Har. Dost think I have no sense of modesty?

Busy. Think, if you lose this you may never have another opportunity.

Har. May he hate me, (a curse that frightens me when I speak it!) if ever I do any thing against the rules of decency and honour.

Dor. to Emi.] I am beholden to you for your good intentions, Madam.

Emi. I thought the concealing our marriage from her might have done you better service.

Dor. Try her again——

Emi. What have you resolv'd, Madam; the time draws near.

Har. To be obstinate, and protest against this marriage.

Enter Lady TOWNLEY in haste.

La. Town. to Emi.] Quickly, quickly, let Mr Smirk out of the closet. [Smirk comes out of the closet.

Har. A parson! had you laid him in here?

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your opinion of my easiness may cost you dear.

Enter Old BELLAIR, Young BELLAIR, MERLEY, and Lady WOODVIL.

Old Bel. Out a pize! the canonical hour is almost past; Sister, is the man of God come?

La. Town. He waits your leisure —

Old Bel. By your favour, Sir. Adod, a pretty spruce fellow: what may we call him?

La. Town. Mr Smirk, my Lady Bigot's chaplain.

Old Bel. A wise woman! adod she is. The man will serve for the flesh as well as the spirit. Please you, Sir, to commission a young couple to go to bed together a God's name? — Harry!

Y. Bel. Here, Sir.

Old Bel. Out a pize, without your mistress in your hand.

Smirk. Is this the gentleman?

Old Bel. Yes, Sir.

Smirk. Are you not mistaken, Sir?

Old Bel. Adod, I think not, Sir.

Smirk. Sure you are, Sir.

Old Bel. You look as if you wou'd forbid the banns, Mr Smirk. I hope you have no pretension to the lady.

Smirk. With him joy, Sir; I have done him the good office to-day already.

Old Bel. Out a pize, what do I hear?

La. Town. Never storm, brother, the truth is out.

Old Bel. How say you, Sir, is this your wedding-day?

Y. Bel. It is, Sir.

Old Bel. And adod it shall be mine too; give me thy hand, Sweetheart. [To Emilia.] What dost thou mean? Give me thy hand, I say. [Emi. kneels, and Y. Bel.]

La. Town. Come, come, give her your blessing, this is the woman your son lov'd and is marry'd to.

Old Bel. Ha, cheated! cozen'd! and by your contrivance, sister!

La. Town. What would you do with her? She's a rogue, and you can't abide her.

Med. Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?

Old Bel. Adod, you are all rogues, and I never will forgive you.

H

La. Town.

La. Town. Whither, whither away?

Med. Let him go and cool a while.

La. Wood. to Dor.] Here's a business broke out now, Mr Courtage, I am made a fine fool of.

Dor. You see the old gentleman knows nothing of it.

La. Wood. I find he did not. I shall have some trick put upon me if I stay in this wicked town any longer. Harriet, dear child! where art thou? I'll into the country straight.

Old Bel. Adod, Madam, you shall hear me first.

Enter Mrs LOVEIT and BELINDA.

Mrs Love. Hither my man dogg'd him——

Bel. Yonder he stands, my dear.

Mrs Love. I see him. [*Aside.*] And with the face that has undone me! Oh that I were but where I might throw out the anguish of my heart; here it must rage within and break it,

La. Town. Mrs Loveit, are you afraid to come forward.

Mrs Love. I was amaz'd to see so much company here in a morning: the occasion sure is extraordinary.

Dor. aside.] Loveit and Belinda! the devil owes me a shame to-day, and I think never will have done paying it.

Mrs Love. Marry'd! Dear Emilia, how am I transported with the news!

Har. to Dor.] I little thought Emilia was the woman Mr Bellair was in love with.—I'll chide her for not trusting me with the secret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs Loveit?

Har. She's a fam'd mistress of yours, I hear——

Dor. She has been on occasion.

Old Bel. Adod, Madam, I cannot help it,

[*To Lady Woodvil.*

La. Wood. You need make no more apologies, Sir.

Emi. to Mrs Love.] The old gentleman's excusing himself to my Lady Woodvil.

Mrs Love. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so pleasant.

Har. She's extremely overjoy'd at something. [*To Dor.*

Dor. At nothing; she is one of those hoyting ladies,

who gaily fling themselves about, and force a laugh, when their aking hearts are full of discontent and malice.

Mrs Love. Oh, Heav'n! I was never so near killing myself with laughing——Mr Dorimant, are you a bride-man?

La. Wood. Mr Dorimant! Is this Mr Dorimant, Ma-dam?

Mrs Love. If you doubt it, your daughter can resolve you, I suppose.

La. Wood. I am cheated too, basely cheated!

Old Bel. Out a pize! what's here, more knavery yet?

La. Wood. Harriet! on my blessing come away, I charge you.

Har. Dear mother, do but stay and hear me.

La. Wood. I am betray'd, and thou art undone, I fear.

Har. Do not fear it—I have not, nor never will do, any thing against my duty—believe me, dear mother, do.

Dor. to Mrs Love.] I had trusted you with this secret, but that I knew the violence of your nature would ruin my fortune, as now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam.

Mrs Love. She's an heiress I know, and very rich.

Dor. To satisfy you, I must give up my interest wholly to my love; had you been a reasonable woman, I might have secur'd 'em both, and been happy——

Mrs Love. You might have trusted me with any thing of this kind, you know you might. Why did you go under a wrong name?

Dor. The story is too long to tell you now; be satisfy'd this is the business, this is the mask has kept me from you.

Bel. He's tender of my honour, though he's cruel to my love. [Aside.

Mrs Love. Was it no idle mistress then?

Dor. Believe me, a wife, to repair the ruins of my estate that needs it!

Mrs Love. The knowledge of this makes my grief hang lighter on my soul; but I shall never more be happy.

Dor. Belinda.

Bel. Do not think of clearing yourself with me, it is impossible—Do all men break their words thus?

Dor. The extravagant words they speak in love: 'tis as unreasonable to expect we should perform all we promise then, as do all we threaten when we are angry.—

When I see you next——

Bel. Take no notice of me, and I shall not hate you.

Dor. How came you to Mrs Loveit?

Bel. By a mistake the chairman made, for want of my giving them directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleasant one. We must meet again.

Bel. Never.

Dor. Never!

Bel. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are false.

La. Town. Men of Mr Dorimant's character always suffer in the general opinion of the world.

Med. You can make no judgment of a witty man from common fame, considering the prevailing fashion, Madam.

Old Bel. Adod, he's in the right.

Med. Besides, 'tis a common error among women to believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them they don't.

Old Bel. Adod, he observes well.

La. Town. Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr Dorimant as civil a gentleman as you thought Mr Courtaige.

Har. If you would but know him better——

La. Wood. You have a mind to know him better. Come away——you shall never see him more.——

Har. Dear mother, stay——

La. Wood. I wo't not be consenting to your ruin.——

Har. Were my fortune in your power——

La. Wood. Your person is.

Har. Could I be disobedient, I might take it out of yours, and put it into his.

La. Wood. 'Tis that you would be at; you would marry this Dorimant?

Har. I cannot deny it: I would, and never will marry any other man.

La. Wood. Is this the duty that you promis'd?

Har. But I will never marry him against your will——

La. Wood.

La. Wood. She knows the way to melt my heart. [*Aside.*] Upon yourself light your undoing. [*To Har.*

Med. to Old Bel.] Come, Sir, you have not the heart any longer to refuse your blessing.

Old Bel. Adod, I ha' not——Rise, and God bless you both.——Make much of her, Harry, she deserves thy kindness.——Adod, sirrah, I did not think it had been in thee. [*To Emil.*

Enter Sir FOPPING and his PAGE.

Sir Fop. 'Tis a damn'd windy day: hey, Page! is my periwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir.

Sir Fop. Pox o' this apartment, it wants an antichamber to adjust one's self in. Madam, [*To Mrs Love.*] I came from your house, and your servants directed me hither.

Mrs Love. I will give order hereafter they shall direct you better.

Sir Fop. The great satisfaction I had in the Mall last night has given me much disquiet since.

Mrs Love. 'Tis likely to give me more than I desire.

Sir Fop. What the devil makes her so reserv'd? Am I guilty of an indiscretion, Madam?

Mrs Love. You will be of a great one, if you continue your mistake, Sir.

Sir Fop. Something puts you out of humour.

Mrs Love. The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever did.

Sir Fop. Is it in my power?

Mrs Love. To hang or drown it: do one of 'em, and trouble me no more.

Sir Fop. So, *fieri serviteur*, Madam.——Medley, where's Dorimant?

Med. Methinks the lady has not made you those advances to-day she did last night, Sir Fopping——

Sir Fop. Prithee, do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a *bonne fortune*.

Sir Fop. Not to me, at present.

Med. How so?

Sir Fop. An intrigue now would be but a temptation to me to throw away that vigour on one, which I mean shall

shall shortly make my court to the whole sex in a ballad.

Med. Wisely consider'd, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. No one woman is worth the loss of a cut in a caper.

Med. Not when 'tis so universally design'd.

La. Wood. Mr Dorimant, every one has spoke so much in your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the wrong.

Mrs Love. There's nothing but falsehood and impertinence in this world; all men are villains or fools; take example from my misfortunes. Belinda, if thou wou'dst be happy, give thyself wholly up to goodness.

Har. to Mrs Love.] Mr Dorimant has been your God Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another—

Mrs Love. Jeer'd by her! I will lock myself up in my house, and never see the world again.

Har. A nunnery is the more fashionable place for such a retreat, and has been the fatal consequence of many a *belle* passion.

Mrs Love. Hold, heart, 'till I get home: should I answer, 'twould make her triumph greater. [*Is going out.*]

Dor. Your hand, Sir Fopling—

Sir Fop. Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Mrs Love. Legion of fools, as many devils take thee!
[*Exit Mrs Loveit.*]

Med. Dorimant, I pronounce thy reputation clear—and henceforward when I would know any thing of woman, I will consult no other oracle.

Sir Fop. Stark mad, by all that's handsome! Dorimant, thou hast engag'd me in a pretty business.

Dor. I have not leisure now to talk about it.

Old Bel. Out a pize! what does this man of mode do here again?

La Town. He'll be an excellent entertainment within, brother, and is luckily come to raise the mirth of the company.

La. Wood. Madam, I take my leave of you.

La. Town. What do you mean, Madam?

La. Wood. To go this afternoon part of my way to Hartly.

Old

Old Bel. Adod, you shall stay and dine first: come, we will be all good friends, and you shall give Mr Dorimant leave to wait upon you and your daughter in the country.

La. Wood. If his occasions bring him that way, I have now so good an opinion of him, he shall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone house, that looks as it were not inhabited, the family's so small; there you'll find my mother, an old lame aunt, and myself, Sir, perch'd up on chairs at a distance in a large parlour; sitting mopping like three or four melancholy birds in a spacious vollary.—Does not this stagger your resolution?

Dor. Not at all, Madam: the first time I saw you, you left me with the pangs of love upon me, and this day my soul has quite given up her liberty.

Har. This is more dismal than the country, Emilia; pity me who am going to that sad place. Methinks I hear the hateful noise of rooks already—Knew, knew, knew.—There's music in the worst cry in London; *My dill and cucumbers to pickle.*

Old Bel. Sister, knowing of this matter, I hope you have provided us some good cheer.

La. Town. I have, brother, and the fiddles too—

Old Bel. Let 'em strike up then; the young lady shall have a dance before she departs, [*Dance.*] [*After the dance.*] So, now we'll in, and make this an arrant wedding-day.

And if these honest gentlemen rejoice, [*To the pit.*
Adod, the boy has made a happy choice.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

By Mr DRYDEN.

*MOST modern wits, such monstrous fools have shewn,
They seem'd not of Heav'n's making, but their own.
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial ass;
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, Gallants, they may more resemble you:
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies wou'd mistake him for a wit,
And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, wou'd cry,
' I vow, methinks he's pretty company ;'
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd!
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help Nature's work ; and go to school
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call ;
He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can,
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow ;
One taught the tofs, and one the new French wallow.
His sword-knot thus, his cravat thus design'd ;
And thus, the yard-long snake, he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before ;
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water spaniel shake.
As for his songs, (the ladies' dear delight),
Those sure he took from most of you who write ;
Yet ev'ry man is safe from what he fear'd,
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.*

